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# CATMAN

COMICS



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COMICS



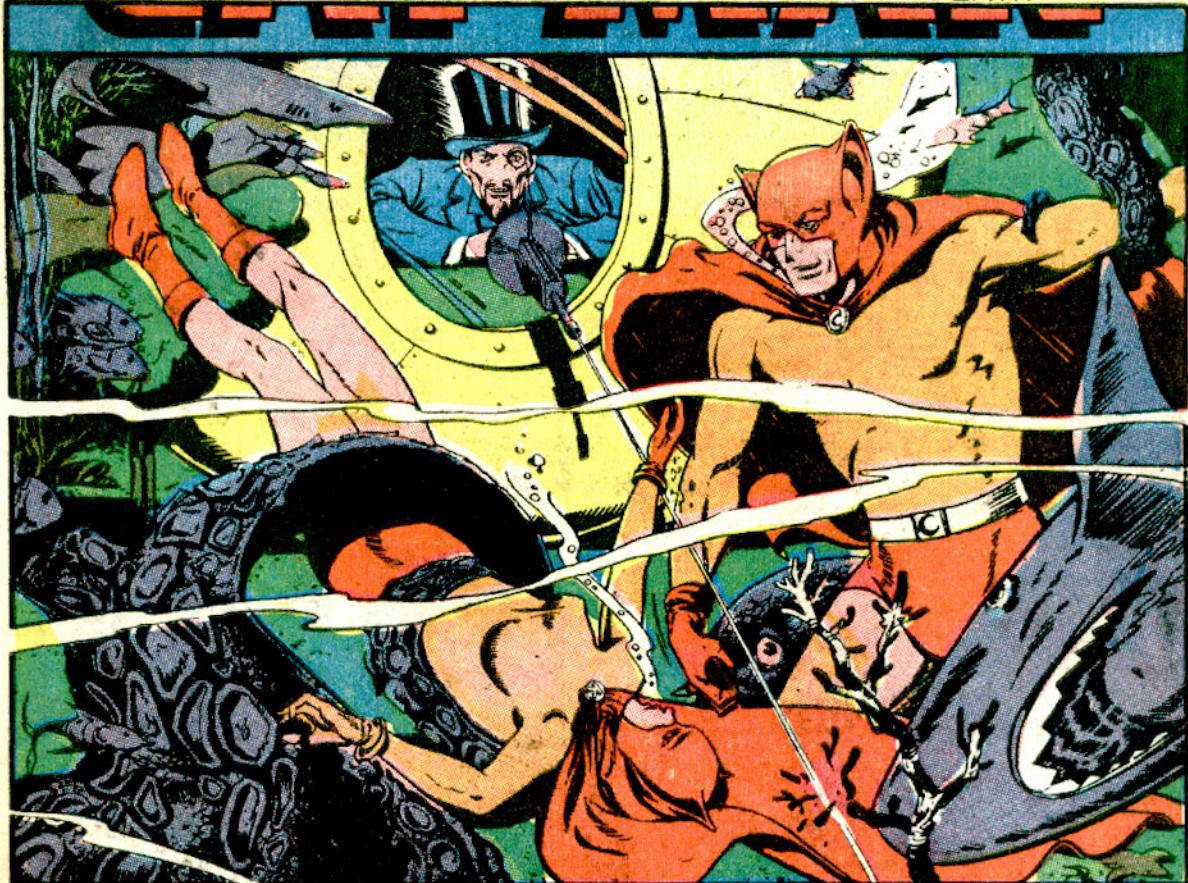
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# CAT MAN

WITH DR. MACABRE MORTALLY WOUNDED, CATMAN AND KITTEN FELT THEY COULD BREATHE EASILY AGAIN AND RETURN TO THEIR NORMAL QUIET LIVES AS CAPTAIN MERRYWEATHER AND HIS WARD KATIE! BUT THAT WAS BEFORE THE DISCOVERY OF THE JONAS PEARLS, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND PERFECT SPECIMENS EVER SEEN-- AND EACH ONE BEDEVILED BY THE CLAMMY TOUCH OF DEATH---



A SCENE IN THE PRISON HOSPITAL---

PLEASE! A DYING OLD MAN'S LAST WISH! SEND FOR MY ADOPTED DAUGHTER, LENORE!

WHAT HARM CAN IT DO? DOCTOR MACABRE IS DONE FOR!

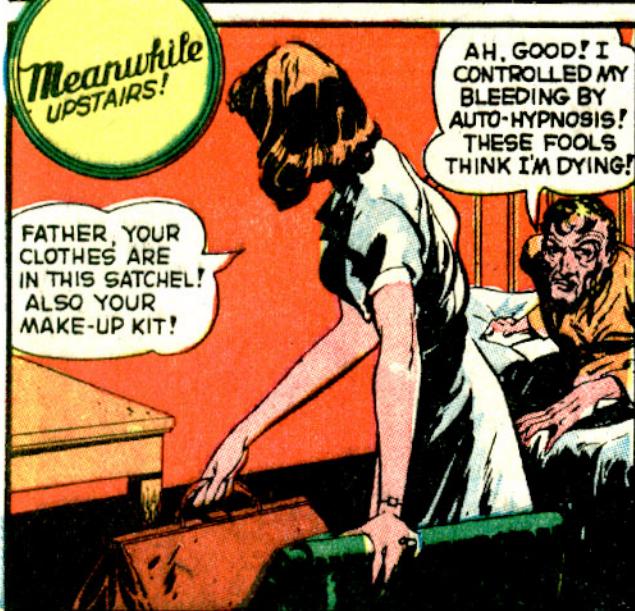
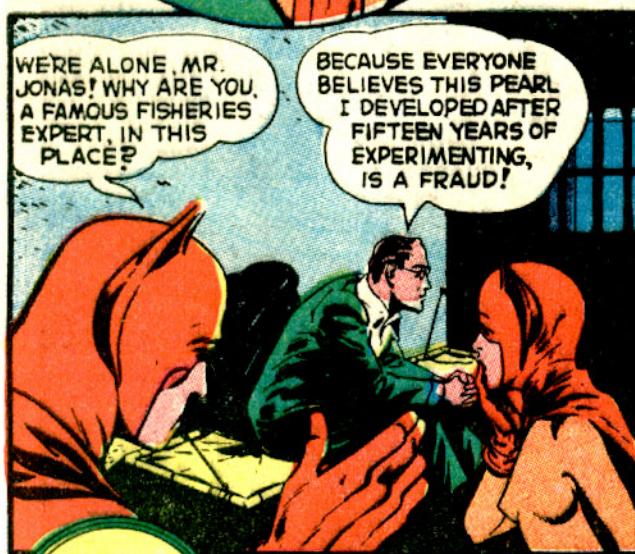
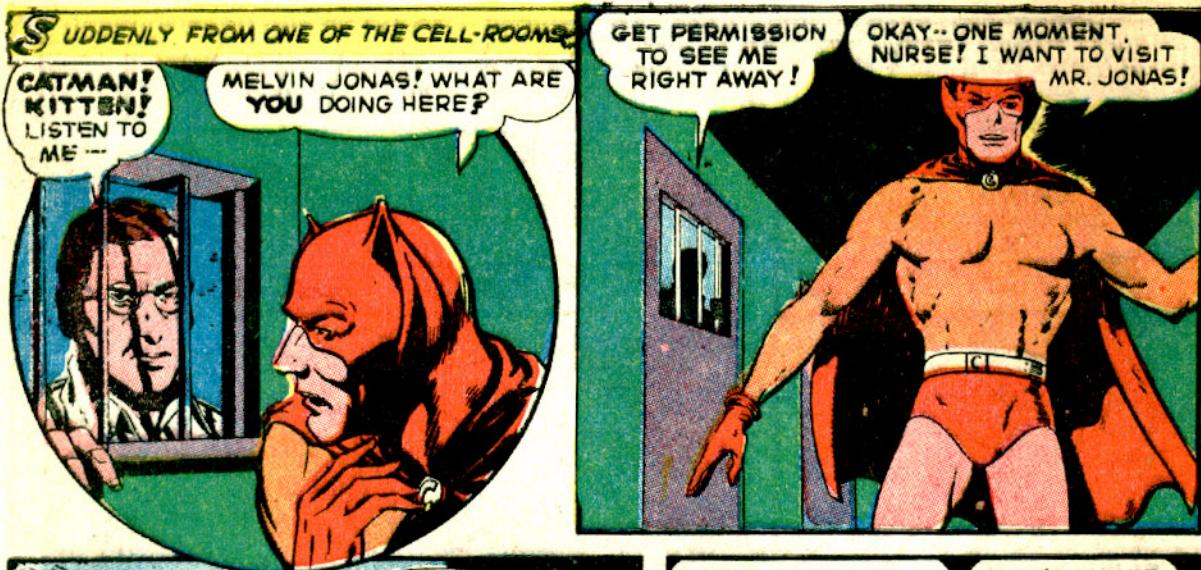


W WHILE ON THE FLOOR BELOW--

I WANT TO SEE FOR MYSELF THAT DR. MACABRE IS REALLY FINISHED. NURSE!

HIS CELL-ROOM IS ONE FLIGHT UP, CATMAN!





MY DEFT FINGERS  
HAVE NEVER LOST  
THEIR SKILL!



LENORE, CHILD, YOU HAVE  
LEARNED QUICKLY AND  
WELL--BRINGING CLOTHES  
AND MAKE-UP!



THIS MUFFLED  
GUN WILL NOT  
BE HEARD!  
NOW THE  
BANDAGES!



THEY THOUGHT ME TOO ILL  
TO BOTHER LOCKING THE  
FIRE ESCAPE DOOR! RUN  
AHEAD, CHILD!  
DON'T WAIT  
FOR ME!

I'VE ALREADY  
SELECTED A  
NEW HIDEOUT!  
HERE'S THE  
ADDRESS!



SUDDENLY, ON THE LEVEL  
OF THE FLOOR BELOW, SOMETHING  
DRAWS DR. MACABRE'S  
ATTENTION!

IF YOU RECOMMEND  
CAPTAIN MERRYWEATHER,  
CATMAN ...



YOU CAN TRUST CAPTAIN  
MERRYWEATHER TO TAKE  
OVER YOUR PEARL BED  
UNTIL YOU ARE FREE,  
MR. JONAS!

CAPTAIN MERRY-  
WEATHER MUST  
NEVER REACH  
THOSE BEDS!



**E**ARLY THE FOLLOWING WEEK...

I'M GLAD, UNCLE DAVE. YOU WERE APPOINTED TRUSTEE FOR MR. JONAS! HE'S SO NICE!

I'M SURE JONAS IS ON THE LEVEL KATIE! BUT LET'S GO TO THE OBSERVATION PLATFORM!



THE DESERT IN THE MOONLIGHT IS REALLY A SIGHT TO SEE!

KEEP HIDDEN BACK OF THIS NEWSPAPER, LENORE! OPPORTUNITY BECKONS ME ---



ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL, KATIE?

YES, BUT FRIGHTENING AND MYSTERIOUS--AS IF IT HELD MANY AWFUL SECRETS!



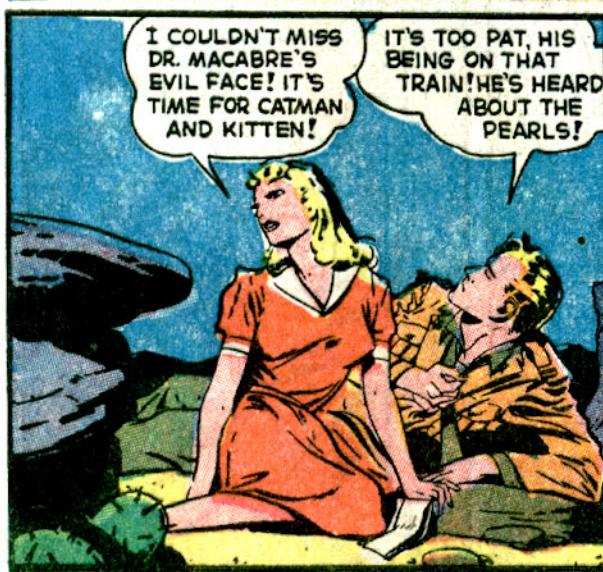
HA! AND - HERE'S ONE MORE SECRET FOR THE SANDS OF TIME!

WHAT THEE?



I COULDN'T MISS DR. MACABRE'S EVIL FACE! IT'S TIME FOR CATMAN AND KITTEN!

IT'S TOO PAT, HIS BEING ON THAT TRAIN! HE'S HEARD ABOUT THE PEARLS!



**D**AYS PASS... THEN AT THE JONAS EXPERIMENTAL STATION!

I WANT TO INSPECT THE PEARL BEDS AT ONCE! WHILE YOU MAKE THE BOAT READY, I'LL LEAVE MY BAGS INSIDE THE OFFICE!

I'VE BEEN EXPECTING YOU, CAPT. MERRYWEATHER! I'M RIDLEY, SUPERINTENDENT OF OPERATIONS!



**L**ONE IN THE OFFICE, DR. MACABRE PHONES DRAKE D'ARCY, RACKETEER AND GAMBLER, OF A WEST COAST CITY IN U.S.A.!

FLY ALL AVAILABLE MEN TO BAJA CALIFORNIA --- NOW! HIDE IN THE HILLS 'TILL YOU GET MY SIGNAL!

OKAY, DR. MACABRE, GIVE ME YOUR LOCATION ---- OF COURSE, THIS MUST BE WORTH MY WHILE -- REAL DOUGH!

**A**OUT AN HOUR LATER --- OFF SHORE!

NO OUTSIDER HAS EVER SEEN THESE PEARL BEDS, CAPTAIN!

IF I'M SATISFIED EVERYTHING IS CORRECT I SHALL TRY FOR MR. JONAS' RELEASE -- IT WILL TAKE TIME, OF COURSE!

THE GREAT FENCES KEEP POWERFUL FISH FROM DEVOURING THE PEARL OYSTERS AND MOLLUSKS! THE MEN ARE INJECTING IRRITANTS UNDER THE SHELLS OF THE BIVALVES ---

--AND THE BIVALVES SECRETE PROTECTIVE NACRE WHICH FORMS THE PEARLS! AN AMAZING PROCESS!

THOUSANDS OF PRICELESS PEARLS! AND ALL MINE--

BUT HOW CAN THE MEN ESCAPE THOSE SHARKS, RIDLEY, WHEN THEY LEAVE?

THEY ENTER THE DIVING BELL THROUGH A COMPRESSION CHAMBER! THIS RADAR CONTROL OPENS THE GATE WHEN IT'S SAFE!

LIKE THIS, RIDLEY?

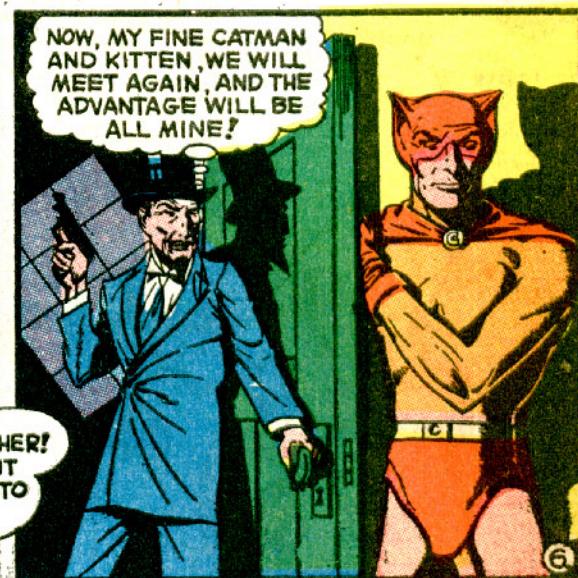
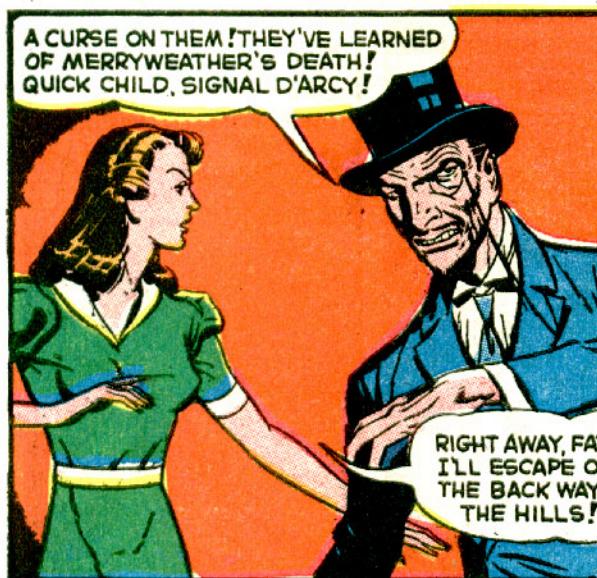
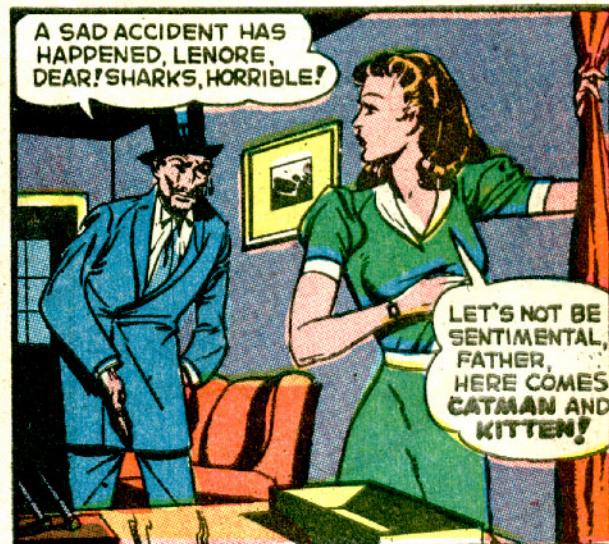
GOOD HEAVENS, MAN! CLOSE THAT GATE! YOU'LL KILL ---

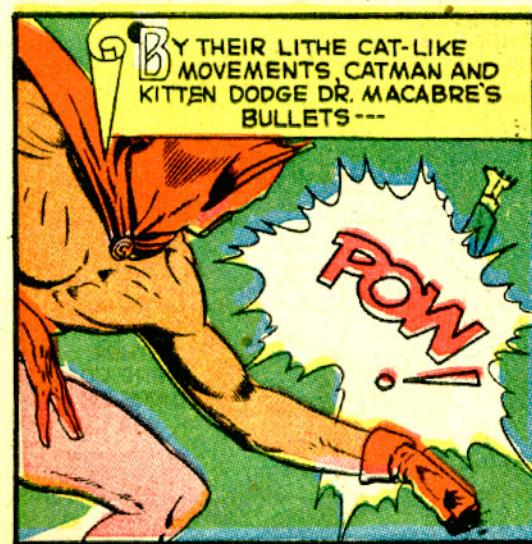
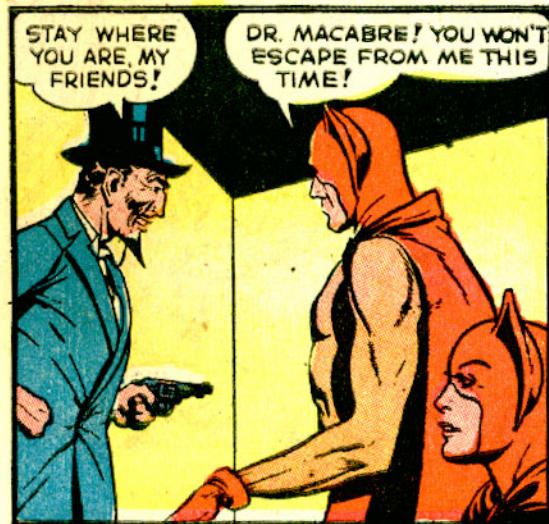
YES, KILLING IS SO SIMPLE HERE!

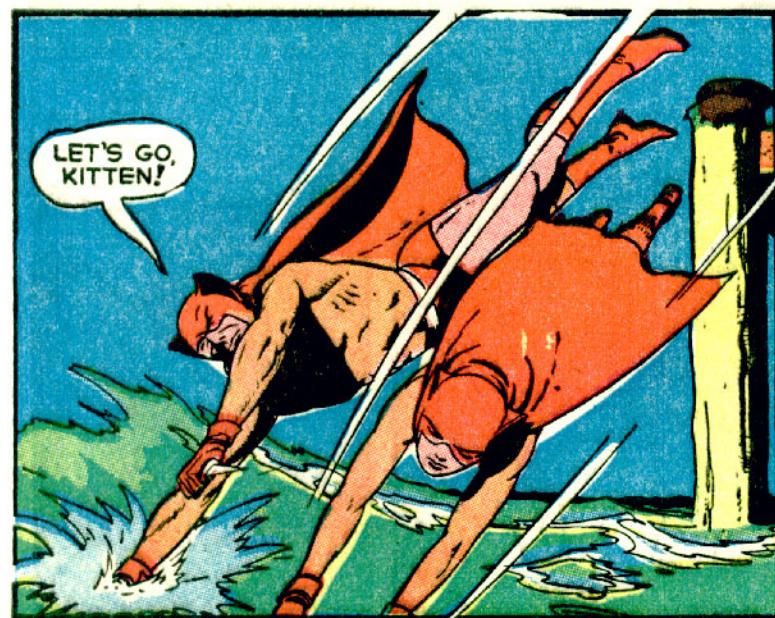
AGH-H-H!

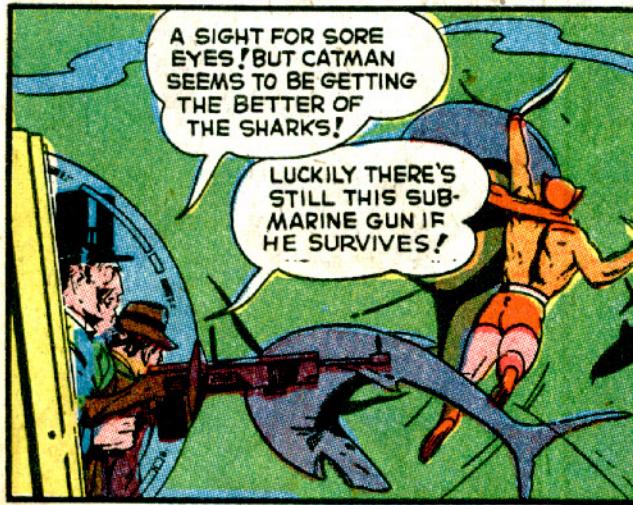
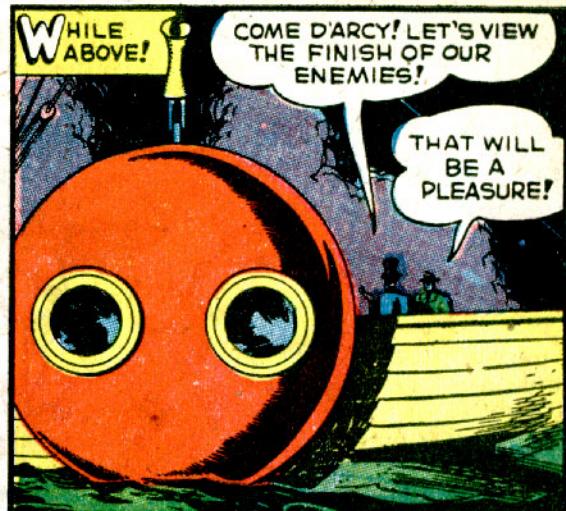
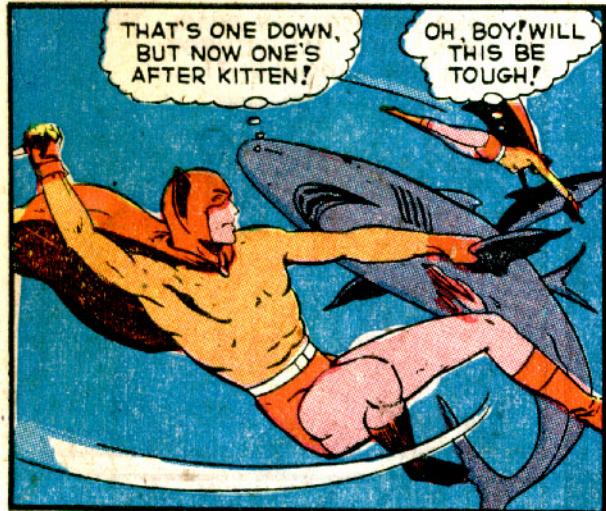
BANG!

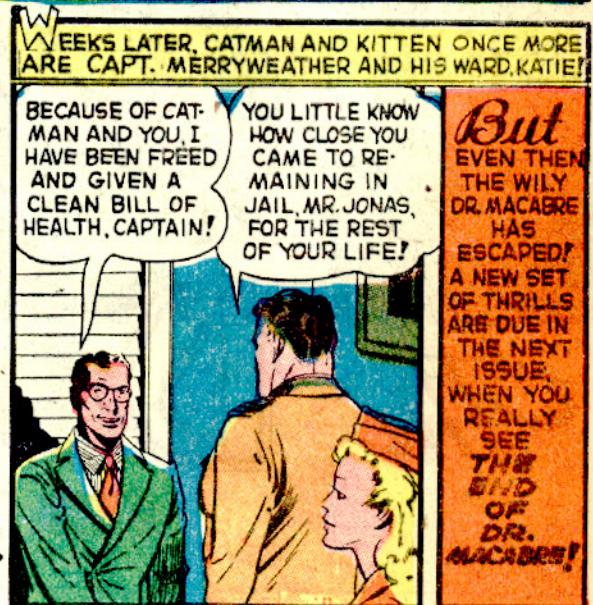
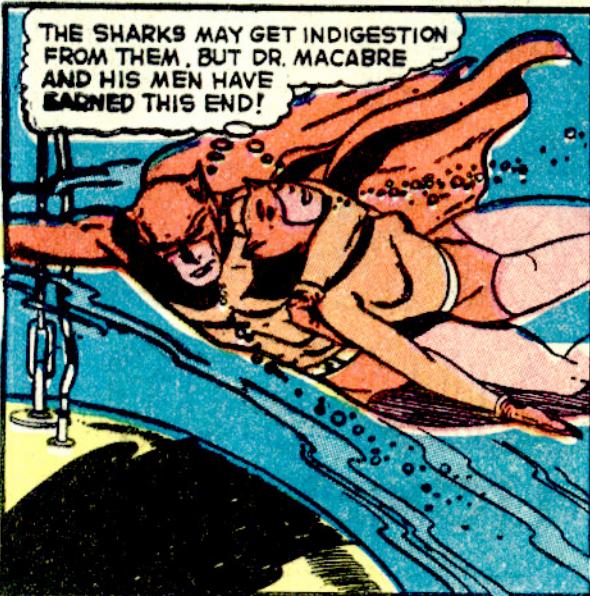
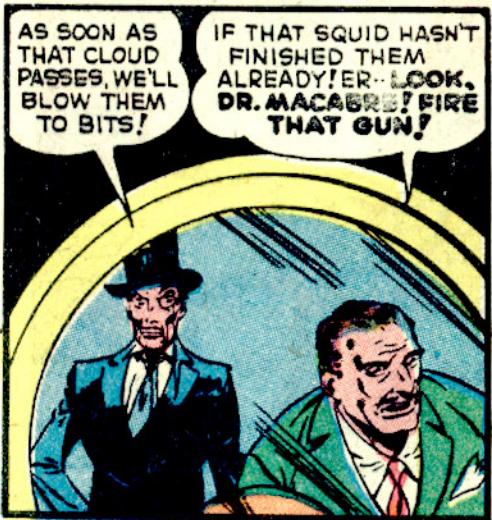
**C** A SIGNAL FROM DR. MACABRE,  
THE DIVING BELL IS LIFTED TO THE  
SURFACE...THEN...











**T**WAS SAD THAT LANGDON HALE'S  
BELOVED WIFE WAS A PERMANENT  
INVALID! "WHAT GOOD MY WEALTH,"  
HE CRIED IN ANGUISH, "WHEN IT BRINGS  
HER NO HAPPINESS?" DEACON AND MICKEY  
FELT KEENLY THE SORROW OF THIS MAN  
AND GAVE GLADLY OF THEIR SERVICES,  
LITTLE REALIZING A DEVIL WAS PLAGUING  
NORA HALE --- A DEVIL WITH THE WINGS  
OF AN ANGEL!



*The* **Deacon**  
*and* **MICKEY**

**O**NE EVENING THERE IS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR OF THE DESERTED MARSHLAND CHURCH, WHERE DWELL THE DEACON AND MICKEY---



LANGDON HALE! OUR SIMPLE ABODE IS HUMBLER THAN THA, TO WHICH YOU ARE ACCUSTOMED!

I HAVE HEARD YOU KNOW NAVIGATION! MY WIFE IS DANGEROUSLY ILL, AND MUST HAVE A CHANGE! I WONDER IF YOU AND YOUR YOUNG FRIEND---

WHAT SAY MICKEY? IT WOULD BE A SORT OF VACATION, WOULDN'T IT?



EXT DAY---

THANK YOU, NURSE! MICKEY AND I WILL CARRY MRS. HALE ABOARD! I SHALL TRY NOT TO BE A BURDEN!



DEACON AND MICKEY, THIS IS MISS BRIGHTON, MRS. HALE'S NURSE! SHE WILL SAIL WITH US!

MISS BRIGHTON, WERE YOU EVER A SWIMMING CHAMPION? YOU LOOK SO MUCH LIKE THE FAMOUS WILMA CHILDS...

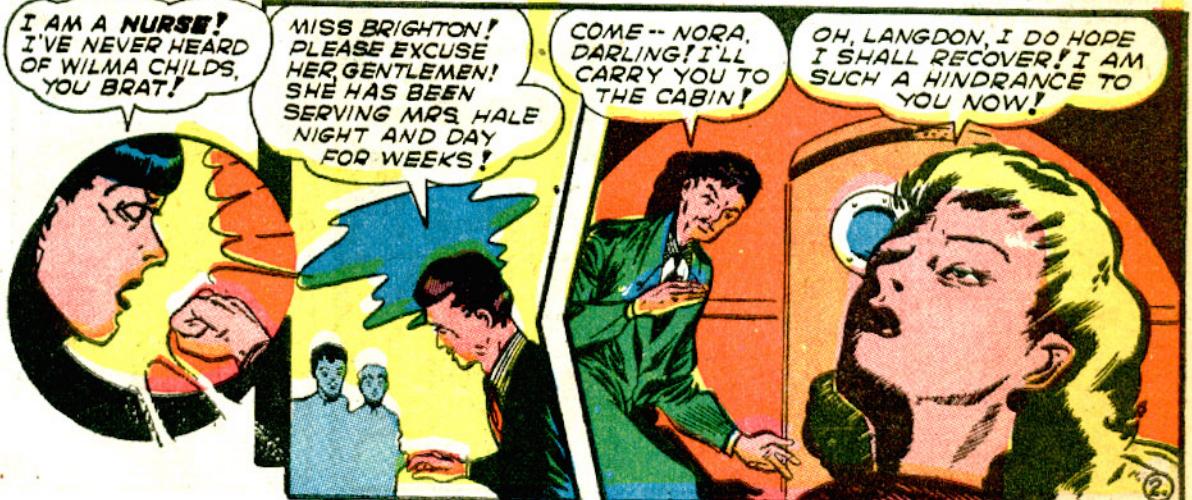


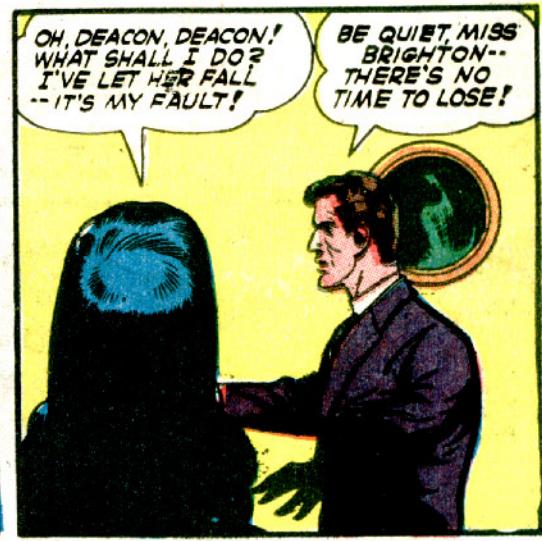
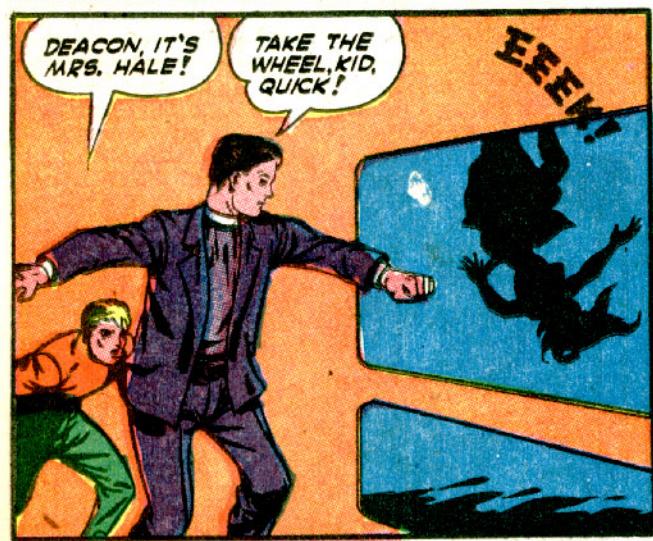
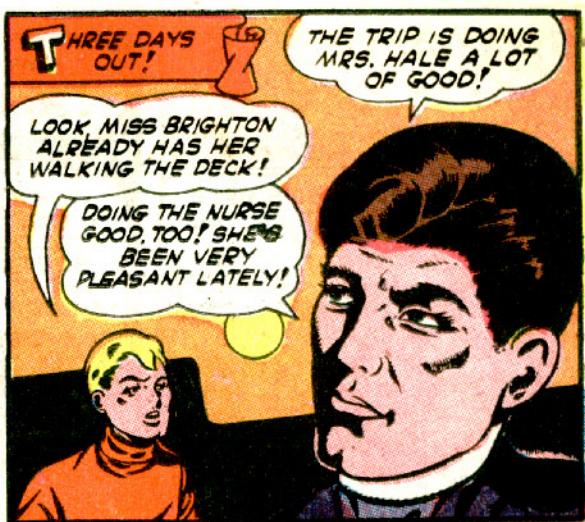
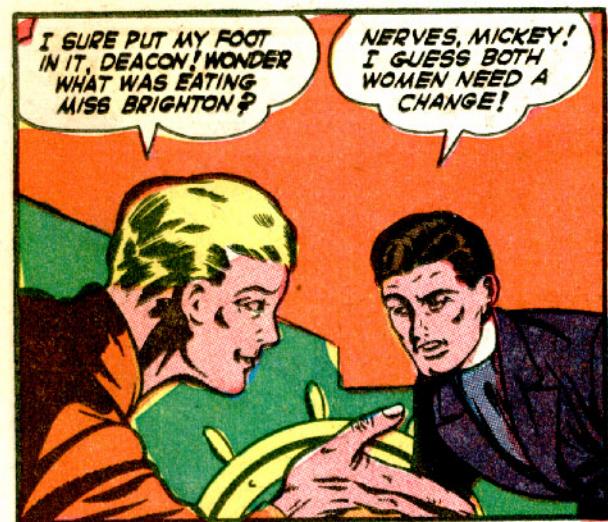
I AM A NURSE! I'VE NEVER HEARD OF WILMA CHILDS, YOU BRAT!

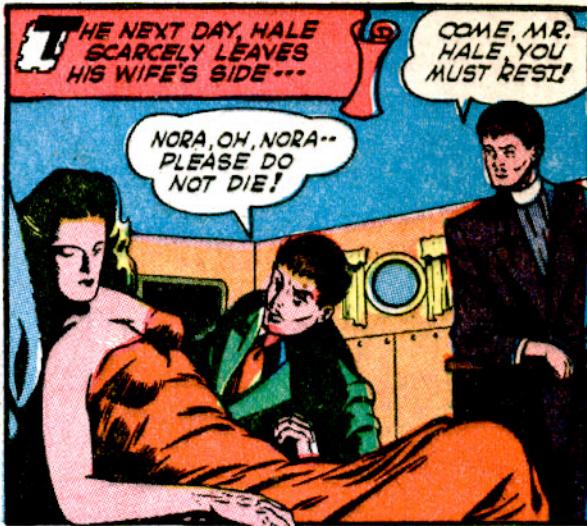
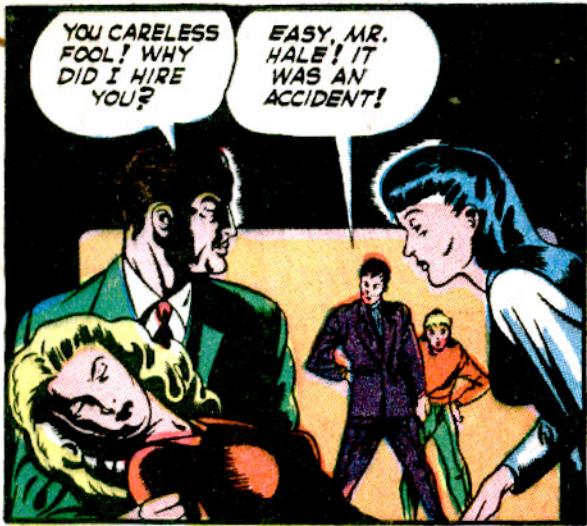
MISS BRIGHTON! PLEASE EXCUSE HER GENTLEMEN! SHE HAS BEEN SERVING MRS. HALE NIGHT AND DAY FOR WEEKS!

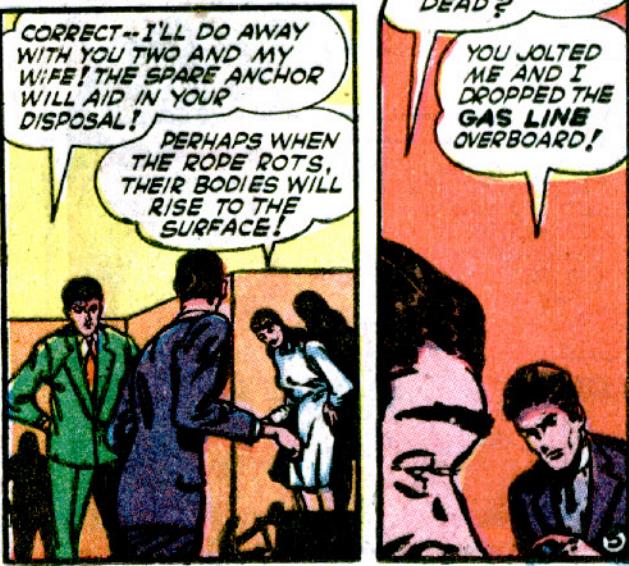
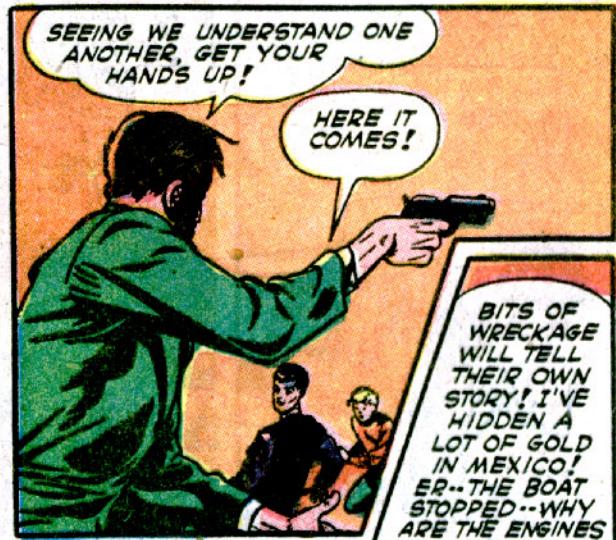
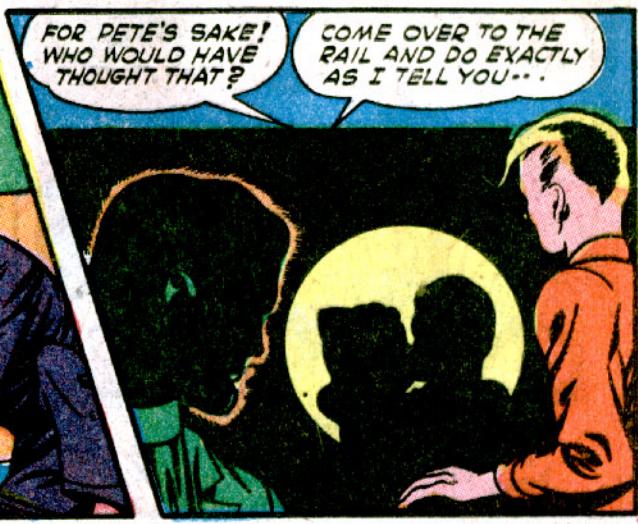
COME -- NORA, DARLING! I'LL CARRY YOU TO THE CABIN!

OH, LANGDON, I DO HOPE I SHALL RECOVER! I AM SUCH A HINDRANCE TO YOU NOW!











# The Golden Archer

in the days of Robin Hood



WHEN NED THE GOLDEN ARCHER, ONLY BOY EVER PRIVILEGED TO BECOME A MEMBER OF ROBIN HOOD'S GREEN WOOD BAND, FOUND LYnda, WITH THE VOICE OF A SKYLARK, WEPPING BESIDE THE ROADSIDE, HE LEARNED SHE HAD BEEN WOUNDED BY A WEAPON MORE DEADLY THAN A POISONED ARROW, AN INVISIBLE WEAPON THAT ALSO WAS TO SEND THE GOLDEN ARCHER AND BLITHE ALLEN-A-DALE INTO THE VERY JAWS OF DEATH!

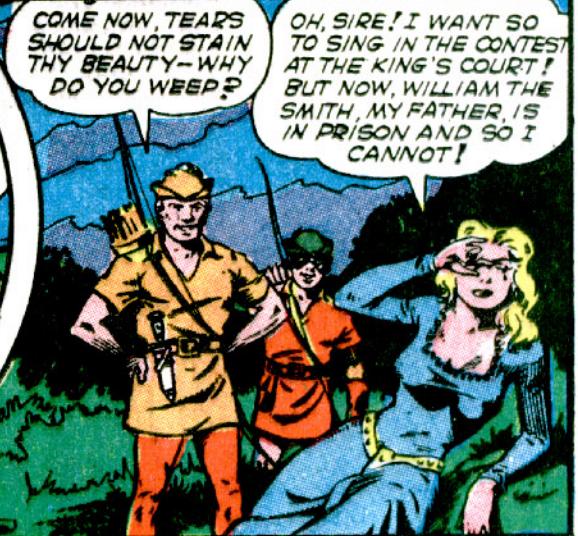
ON A BRIGHT MORNING IN MERRY ENGLAND'S SHERWOOD FOREST WALK ALLEN-A-DALE AND NED THE GOLDEN ARCHER, THEIR HEARTS LIGHT, UNTIL---

LOOK YOU, ALLEN-A-DALE! A LASS WEEPS BY THE ROADSIDE!

SORROW ON THIS BEAUTIFUL DAY! COME, LET US SEE WHY CLOUDS SHROUD HER PRETTY HEAD?

COME NOW, TEARS SHOULD NOT STAIN THY BEAUTY—WHY DO YOU WEEP?

OH, SIRE! I WANT SO TO SING IN THE CONTEST AT THE KING'S COURT! BUT NOW, WILLIAM THE SMITH, MY FATHER, IS IN PRISON AND SO I CANNOT!



METHINKS EVIL WORDS HAVE  
BROUGHT EVIL--TELL US  
NOW, FOR SONGS COME  
FROM LIGHT HEARTS!

ALL MY LIFE IN  
THE TOWN I  
HAVE BEEN CALLED  
"LYNDA WITH THE  
VOICE OF A  
SKYLARK"--

"THEN ONE DAY I HEARD THE  
TOWN CRIER ---"

HEAR YE! HEAR YE! AT THE COURT  
OF OUR GRACIOUS KING HENRY, A  
CONTEST FOR SINGING! WHO WINS  
YE CONTEST SHALL BE HIRED TO  
SING AT COURT!

I HURRIED HOME AND BEGAN SINGING EVERY  
DAY TO PREPARE FOR THE CONTEST--THEN  
ONE DAY GRETCHEN, DAUGHTER OF THE  
SHERIFF'S JAILED, HEARD ME ---

AH, MY CHILD, PRAY  
TELL ME WHY YE  
WASTE GOLDEN  
NOTES UPON  
THE EMPTY  
AIR?

THANK YOU, MY LORD,  
I MAKE READY  
HOPEFULLY TO SING  
AT THE KING'S COURT!

HEAR, FATHER! DOES  
YON GIRL THINK SHE  
SHALL BE HEARD  
AT COURT?

WE SHALL SEE  
GRETCHEN, LET  
US KNOCK AT  
HER DOOR!

WHO IS THIS  
PEASANT WHO  
THINKS TO  
SING BEFORE  
THE KING,  
FATHER?

FEAR NOT,  
GRETCHEN,  
KNOW YE NOT  
THAT AS THE  
SHERIFF'S  
JAILED I  
HAVE POWER  
AND INFLUENCE?  
YON LASS SHALL  
NOT SING!

INDEED THE JAILED IS A MAN  
OF INFLUENCE--OFT HE HAD  
FAVORED THE TAX ASSESSOR,  
AND COULD NOT CLAIM RETURN  
IN KIND...

AND THINK YE WILLIAM  
THE SMITH PAYS ENOUGH  
TAXES FOR THE KING'S  
GOOD, MY FRIEND?

A NOBLE SENTI-  
MENT, GOOD  
JAILED! METHINKS  
I SHOULD  
APPROACH HIM?



NEXT DAY--

BUT, MY LORD! THERE IS  
NOT THAT MUCH TRADE IN  
MY MODEST SHOP! I  
CANNOT PAY SUCH A  
PRICE!

HA! THINK YE A TERM  
IN THE KING'S PRISON  
WOULD SET YE TO  
WORKING?

AND SO SIRE, MY  
GOOD FATHER, SO  
DISGRACED, PRE-  
VENTS MÉ FROM  
THE CONTEST!

AHA! FOR SUCH  
INJUSTICE ARE  
WE OF THE GREEN-  
WOOD ALWAYS  
ALERT!



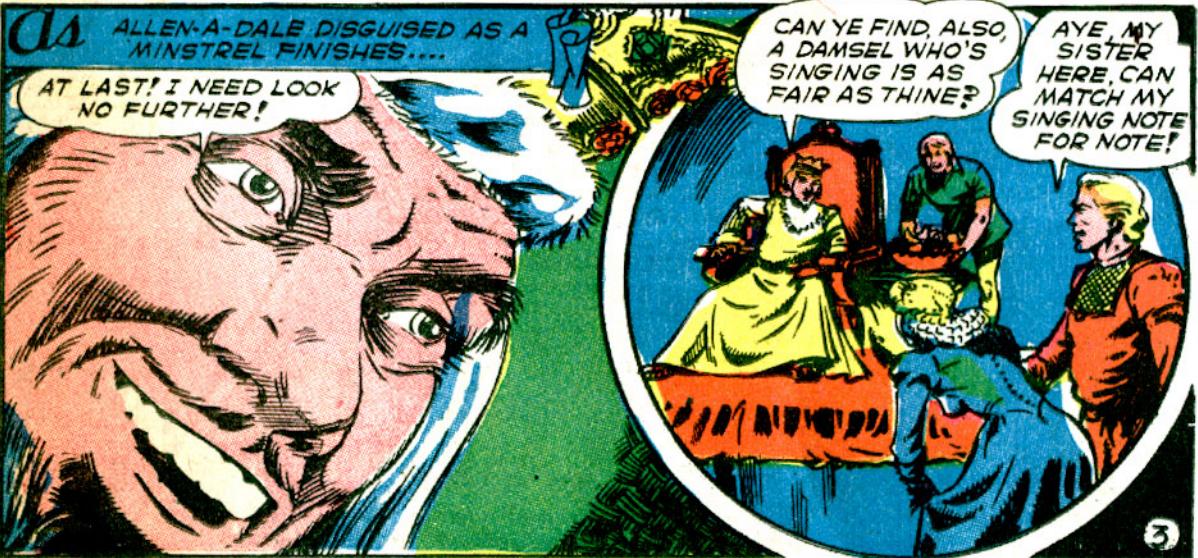
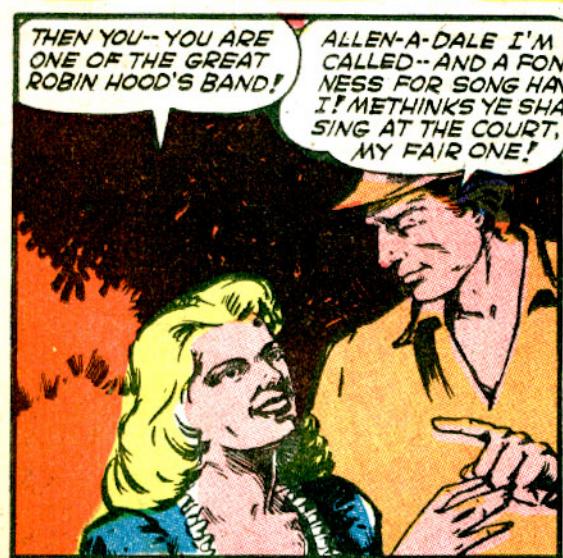
FOR DAYS BEFORE THE CONTEST, THE FOREST RANG WITH THE SONGS OF ALLEN-A-DALE AND LYNDY.

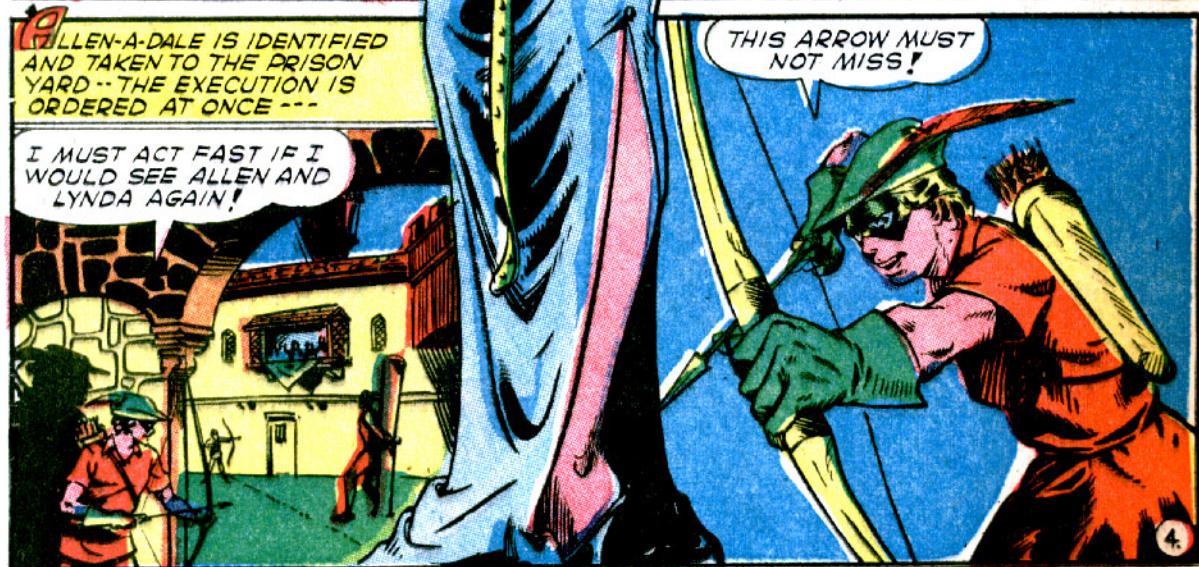
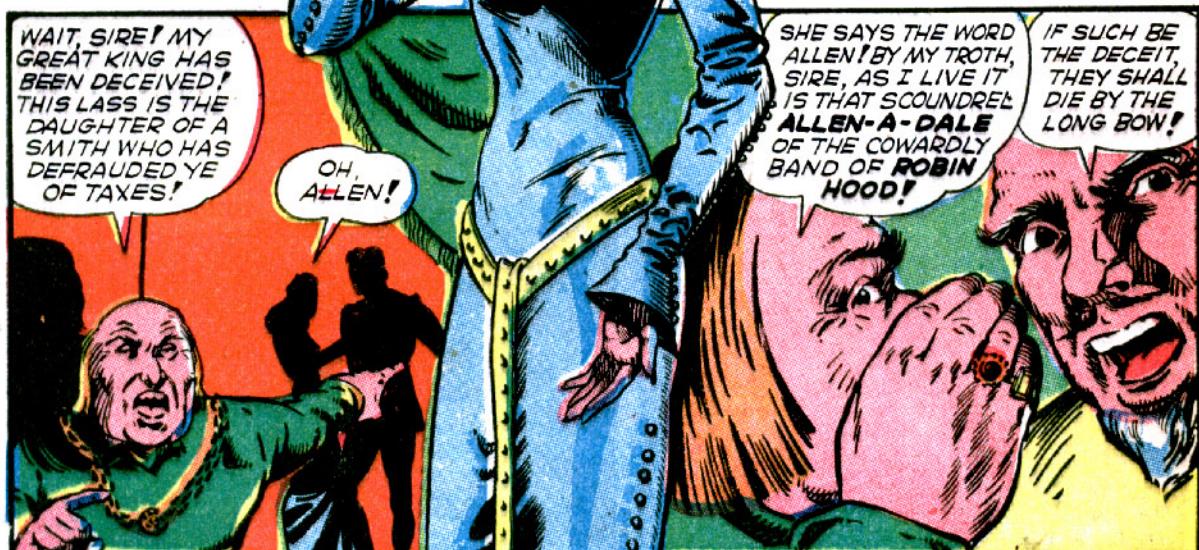
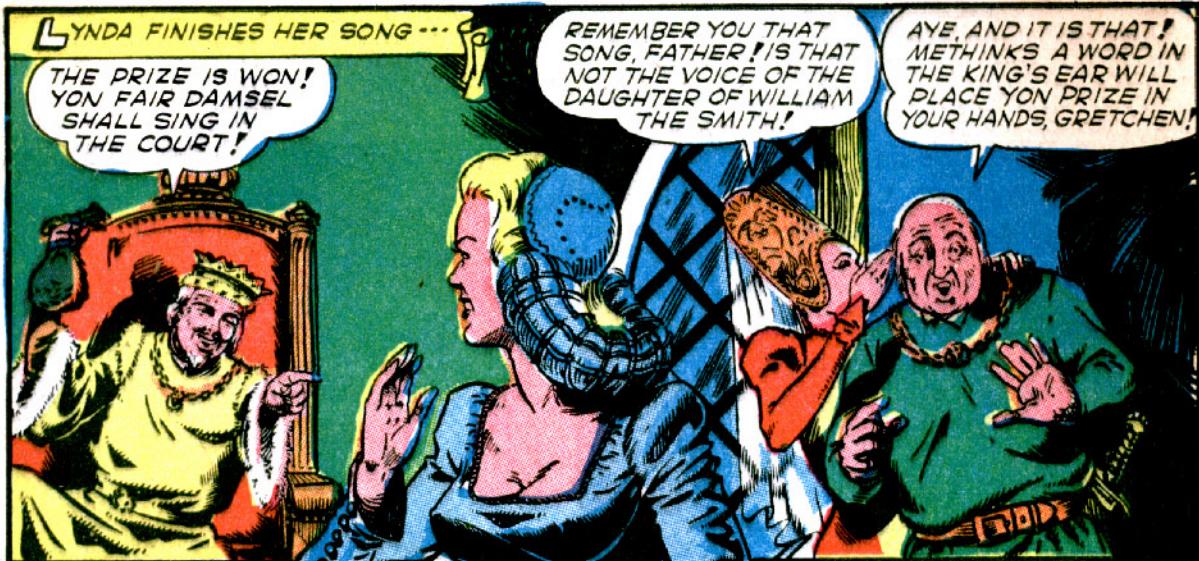
THEN YOU-- YOU ARE ONE OF THE GREAT ROBIN HOOD'S BAND!

ALLEN-A-DALE I'M CALLED-- AND A FONDNESS FOR SONG HAVE I! METHINKS YE SHALL SING AT THE COURT, MY FAIR ONE!

AND WHAT DO YOU CALL YOURSELF, MY MAN?

AN HUMBLE WANDERING MINSTREL WANTING ONLY TO SERVE MY GREAT KING!





WITH A  
COOL EYE  
AND FEAR-  
LESS HAND,  
THE GOLDEN  
ARCHER  
SPEEDS HIS  
ARROW!

BY MY TROTH I'VE NEVER SEEN  
THE LIKE! I MUST KNOW MORE  
OF THESE STRANGERS ERE I  
CAUSE THEIR DEATHS!



BY THE KING'S ORDERS, THE THREE  
ARE THROWN INTO PRISON!

WHAT HAS IT DONE YE,  
NED, TO SHOOT YON ARROW  
BUT TO BRING YOU TO  
YOUR OWN DEATH!

TIME OFT CHANGES  
MANY THINGS, ALLEN--  
BUT LISTEN, SOME-  
ONE APPROACHES!

THE  
KING!

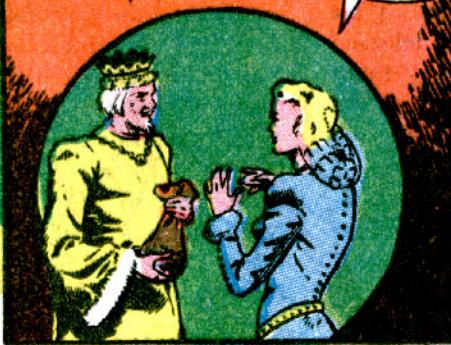
SUCH VALOR AS I HAVE  
SEEN TODAY CANNOT BE  
PUNISHED! I HEREBY  
ORDER THEE FREE!



GO YE ALLEN-A-DALE  
AND GOLDEN ARCHER!  
WOULD THERE WERE  
MORE IN ENGLAND  
SUCH AS YE AND  
YOUR GALLANT LEADER,  
ROBIN HOOD!

BUT YOU, MY LASS, MUST  
STAY IN THE KING'S COURT!  
HERE, YE HAVE  
THE PRIZE! LET  
THY FATHER PAY  
HIS WAY FREE  
WITH IT!

OH, SIRE!  
BLESS THEE  
AND ALLEN  
AND GOLDEN  
ARCHER!



9  
G  
AND BACK TO THE FOREST  
WALK ALLEN-A-DALE AND THE  
GOLDEN ARCHER, ANOTHER  
ADVENTURE PASSED!

AYE, NED, YE AIMED  
WELL WITH THY  
LONG BOW AND  
THY WITS!

YEA, BUT WE  
ALL FORGOT  
A SECRET  
WEAPON, ALLEN,  
A SELFISH  
WOMAN'S JEALOUSY!



THE  
END

# SIGNED UP FOR MURDER

Detective Sam Tabor knew Nicholas Varoff from past experience. The erratic millionaire was always pestering the city police department with requests for their services, but this one was the payoff. Tabor grinned inwardly with satisfaction as he thought of the long term of acting as bodyguard to the well-known eccentric.

Nicholas Varoff did have reason to want protection. The papers had just announced that Oscar Sten had been released from prison after a five-year stretch. It had been Varoff who had had Sten sent to prison. Sten had been Varoff's bookkeeper and had robbed his employer of forty thousand dollars.

Tabor stepped into the automatic elevator of the modest apartment building. He thought to himself that a guy with Varoff's dough would be living in something swank. But that was like the old tightwad, to rent quarters for a hundred a month. It was the same sort of stinginess that made Varoff keep his money hidden about his dwelling instead of keeping it in banks.

The detective was admitted by a white-coated butler, a young man, handsome, but now tight-lipped, his bronzed face drawn of its color.

"You're too late," the butler said. "Mr. Varoff is dead."

Tabor gasped and followed the butler into the library. The servant pointed to Varoff's body on the floor near the heavy walnut table.

"Exactly as I found him," he told Tabor.

There was a hole in Varoff's forehead as big as a dime. The eyes were open and glassy. The face was contorted still as if Varoff had been taken by surprise. The dead left hand clutched a piece of paper. A pen lay on the floor. Wet ink from an overturned inkstand had run from the table to the rug. Tabor kneeled and opened the palm, removed the paper. Scrawled, as if written in the last convulsions of a dying man was the word, "Sten."

Tabor breathed outwardly through his nostrils. He folded the piece of paper, put it into his vest pocket. From his coat he drew a small notebook.

"I'll have to make a report of this," he said to the butler. "What is your name?"

"Borden," the butler said. "Charles Borden. You see, I also do the cooking. Shopping took me almost all afternoon. On returning I entered the library and found Mr. Varoff's body. I phoned headquarters, but learned you were already on your way over."

"I'll have to look around the apartment," said Tabor. "And first I'm going to search your room."

Borden's eyes narrowed. "You don't think I—" Then led Tabor down the hall. At a door opposite the kitchen he stopped and drew a key from his pocket.

"I always lock the door," he said. "I've only been with Mr. Varoff a week and I suspect him of looking through my things. He seemed a very suspicious man."

Tabor entered first. As the detective crossed the threshold he turned about suddenly. Borden's hand was in the pocket of his coat. Tabor stepped to one side instinctively. The blast through Borden's pocket shook the walls and cut a big hole in the plaster.

Tabor drew his service automatic, but Borden grabbed the door and slammed it shut in Tabor's face. Tabor blasted the lock and heard Borden cry out beyond the partition. When he swung the door open, Borden's hand was bleeding.

Borden snarled as he fired a second shot, this time striking Tabor's gun, knocking it from the detective's hand. Tabor side-stepped and grabbed Borden's arm. He drew back his right and let it go. His fist caught Borden on the chin and he went down.

When Borden came to, Tabor said, "The wagon's on the way, Borden. I figured your door'd be locked because I was pretty sure Varoff's money was hidden here. And I figured you'd stolen his dough after you learned Varoff was afraid of Sten. You saw a chance to frame Sten for murder." Tabor grinned. "Because, Borden, you didn't know when you faked that note, that Varoff, although a millionaire, had never learned to read or write. He even signed his own name with an 'X'."

# The

# 3

# VETS



*The war has ended and from all over the world the fighting men of America are returning to a new life... Our story opens aboard a train carrying, among its passengers, three discharged servicemen! The crack cross-country express tears through the night----its whistle screams a defiant challenge to the element.... suddenly, the blazing headlight picks out a lone figure on the tracks--signalling desperately....*

*HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF FLAGGING THIS TRAIN DOWN? I'M BEHIND MY SCHEDULE AS IT IS!*

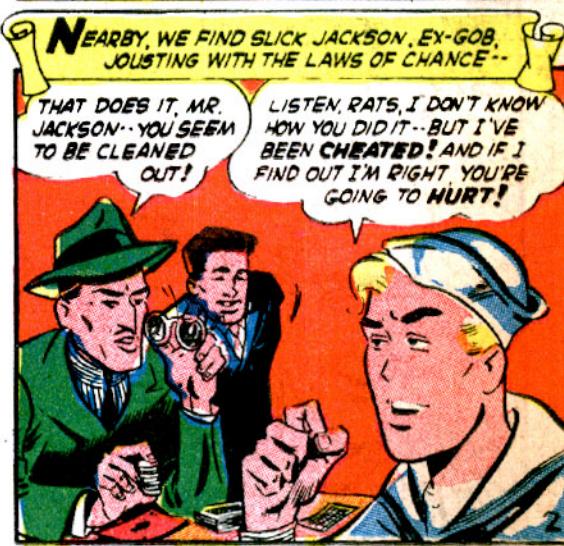
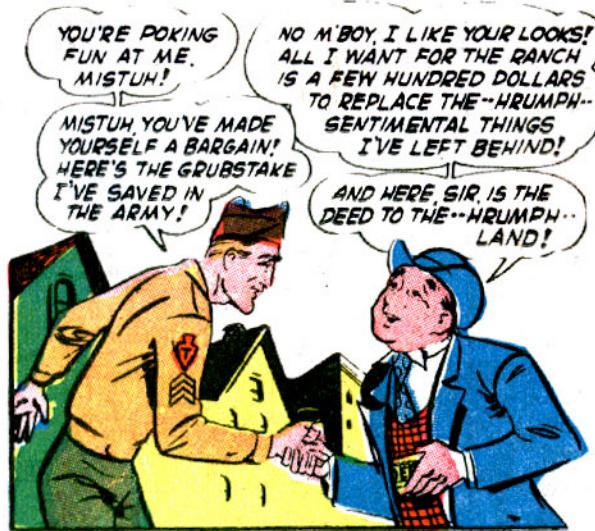
*SORRY, CHIEF, BUT I HAD TO---THERE ARE FLOODS UP AHEAD--IT'S TOO DANGEROUS TO GO ON! CENTRAL DISPATCH PHONED TO STOP YOU AND GET THE PASSENGERS OFF THE TRAIN! THEY MUST LEAVE FOR THEIR OWN SAFETY!*

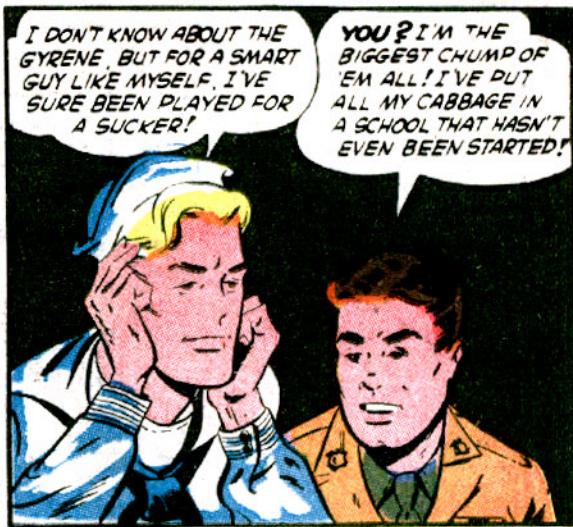
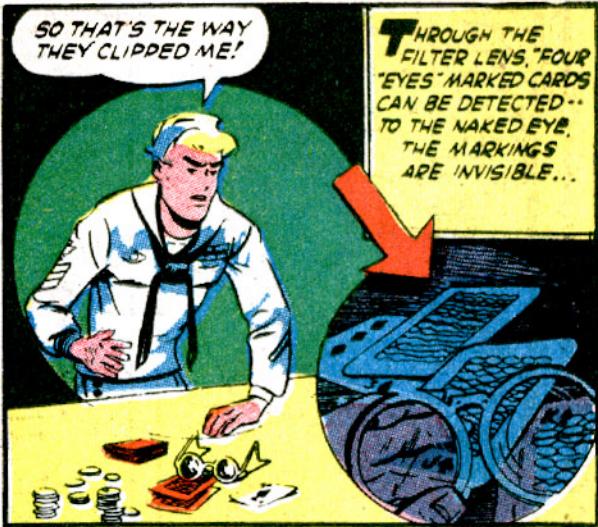
*And so the news is passed on...*

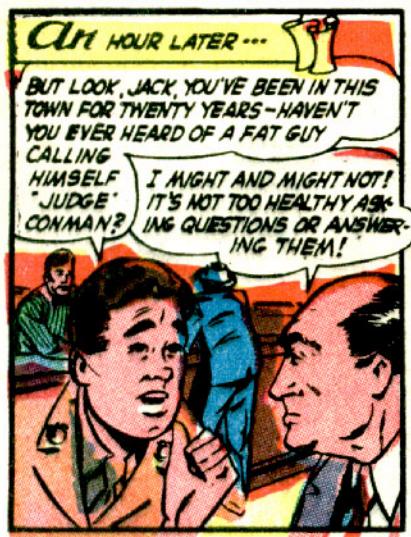
*SORRY, FOLKS, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE THE TRAIN! THERE WILL BE A DELAY DUE TO FLOOD, BUT WE WILL PROVIDE ACCOMMODATIONS UNTIL WE CAN CONTINUE!*

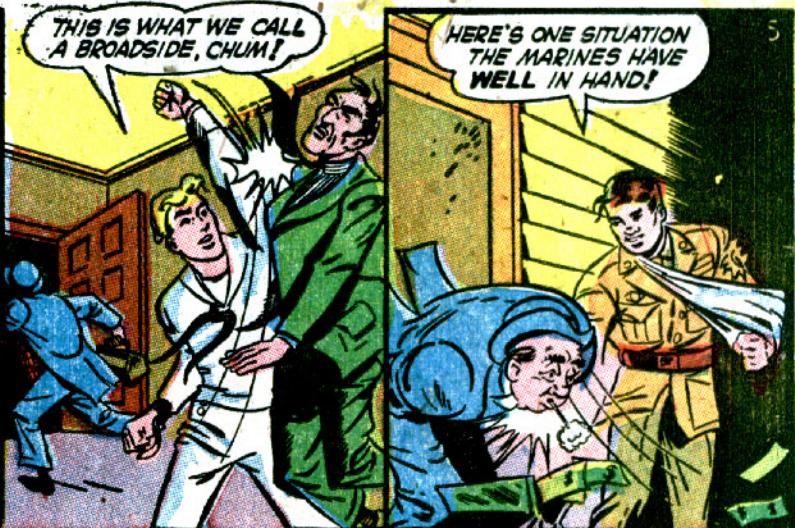
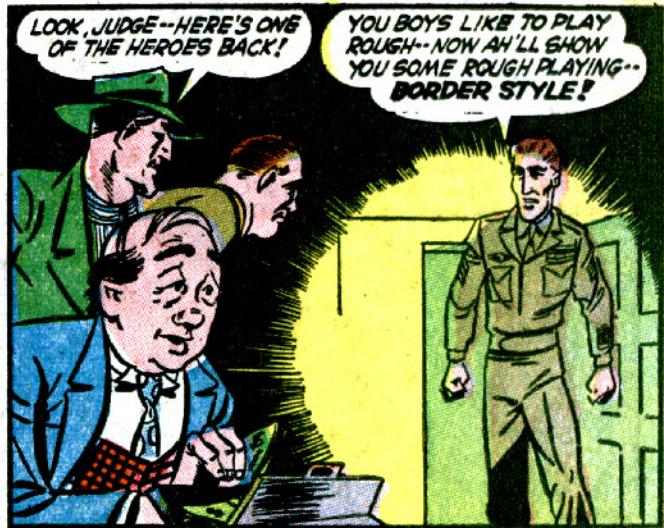
*STRANGERS ALL, THE GROUP OF PASSENGERS DESCENDS ON ITS TEMPORARY HAVEN! LET'S FOLLOW ONE OF THEM, SHORTY RUSSO, WHO HAS JUST BEEN DISCHARGED FROM A FAMED MARINE DIVISION!*





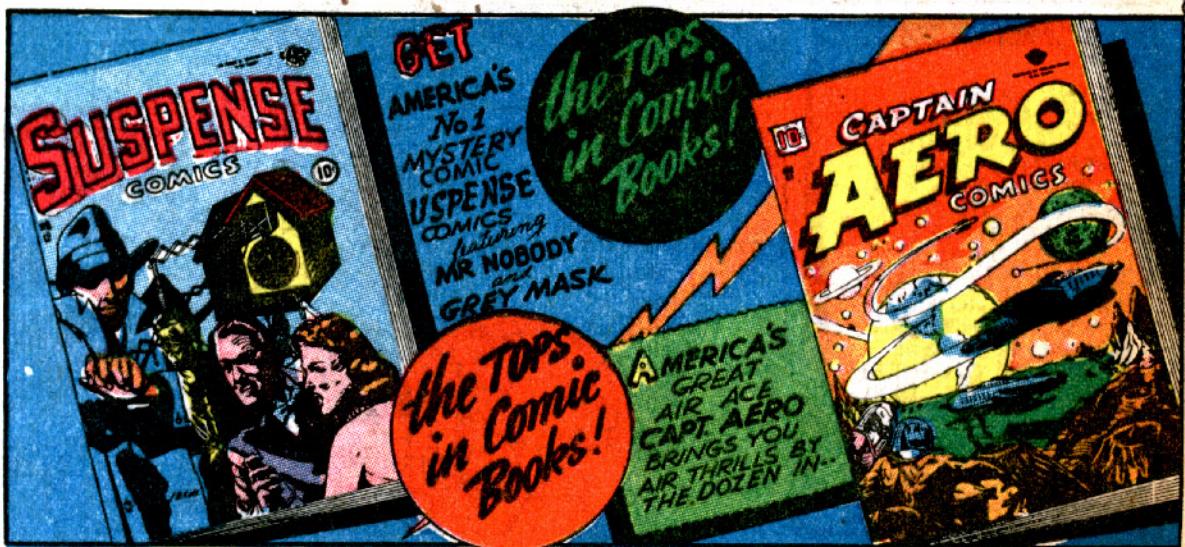








6



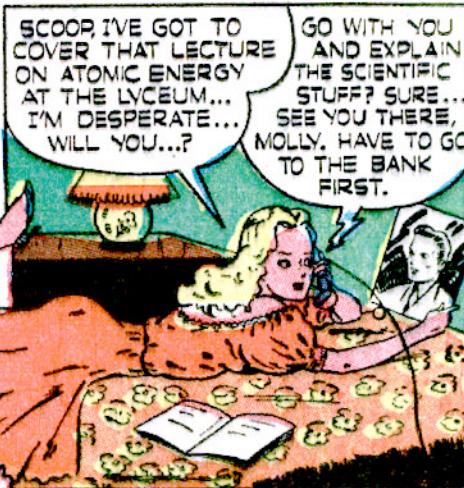
# Molly O'more

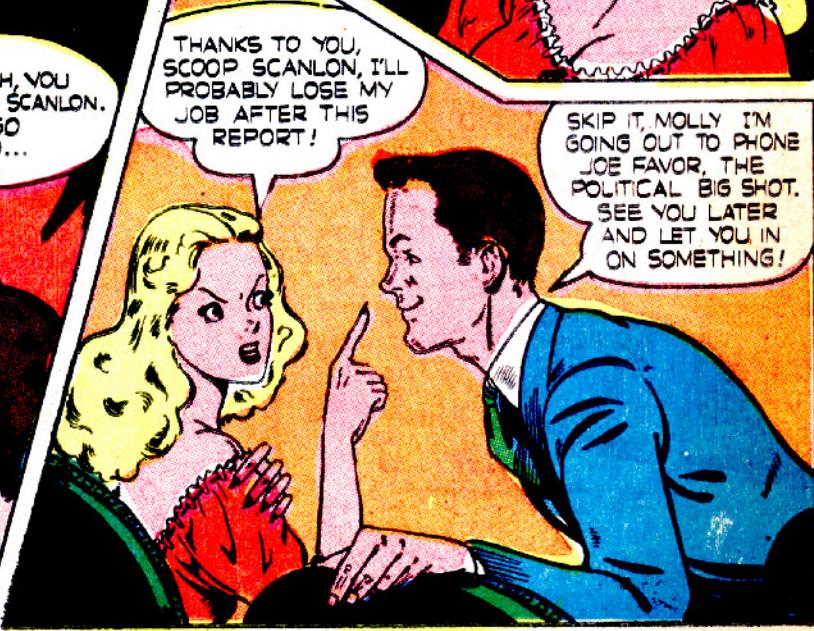
and

## SCOOP SCANLON



9  
MOLLY MOORE, WORLD-STAR REPORTER, NEEDED HELP IN SOLVING A SCIENTIFIC PROBLEM. SHE ASKED A REPORTER ON A RIVAL PAPER... SCOOP SCANLON, WHO, WITHOUT REALIZING IT, HAD WON MOLLY'S HEART. SCOOP WASN'T MUCH HELP TO MOLLY EITHER, BUT HOW CAN A MAN HELP A GAL, WHEN HE'S CAUGHT BETWEEN A MURDER RAP AND A LOAD OF LEAD FROM GANGSTERS' GUNS?





THE END OF THE LECTURE...

SCOOP NEVER SHOWED UP!  
OF ALL THE DIRTY TRICKS!  
I'M GOING TO GIVE HIM A  
PIECE OF MY MIND  
RIGHT  
NOW!

THAT'S  
FUNNY! SCOOP'S  
DOOR IS UNLOCKED  
::OH !!

JOE FAVOR  
MURDERED!  
SCOOP! SCOOP!  
WHY DID  
YOU!

ZZZZZ...  
NNNN...



CAN'T LET THE POLICE  
FIND HIM THIS WAY! I'VE  
GOT TO GIVE HIM A  
CHANCE TO EXPLAIN!  
I'LL RISK TAKING  
HIM TO MY  
APARTMENT...

I HAVEN'T BEEN  
SEEN! GLAD I FORGOT  
TO TURN OFF THE RADIO...  
IT WILL COVER UP  
SCOOP'S VOICE  
WHILE I'M TRYING  
TO SOBER  
HIM UP!

SCOOP! SCOOP!  
PLEASE WAKE UP!  
OH...THAT  
NEWS!

FLASH!  
THE BULLET-RIDDLED  
BODY OF JOE FAVOR,  
LOCAL POLITICIAN, WAS  
FOUND IN THE APART-  
MENT OF SCOOP  
SCANLON, REPORTER  
FOR THE BLADE.  
SCANLON IS  
MISSING...

SCOOP! TELL ME  
YOU WERE FRAMED!  
LISTEN, I'M GOING  
TO MIKE HARGER'S  
PLACE FOR HIS  
HELP...

UH...NNNNN...  
...YEAHNN...  
HARGRRR...  
NNNN...

LATER IN THE BASEMENT OF  
A FASHIONABLE NIGHT CLUB...

MISS O'MOORE FROM THE  
WORLD-STAR, BOSS. I DON'T  
KNOW HOW SHE GOT  
IN, BUT HERE  
SHE IS...

I FOUND THE  
BACK ENTRANCE,  
HARGER. YOU  
MUST HELP ME.  
IT'S ABOUT  
SCOOP...

MOLLY EXPLAINS SCOOP'S PLIGHT...

SURE, MISS  
O'MOORE.

SCOOP WAS WITH ME  
ALL EVENING. I LEFT  
HIM AT HIS APARTMENT.  
SOME NOISE WHEN THE  
BOMB WENT OFF AT  
THE END!

...AND WILL YOU  
VOUCH THAT HE WAS  
AT THE LYCEUM..?  
HE COULDN'T BE-  
COME SO DRUNK  
IN THAT SHORT  
TIME...

AS MOLLY LEAVES HARGER'S DINE.

HEY, HARGER, THE  
RADIO SAYS THE  
COPS CAN'T FIND  
SCANLON!

OH, YEAH?  
BRING HER  
BACK HERE!

MOLLY DASHES TO A TELEPHONE  
IN A CORNER DRUG STORE...

HELLO...YES..DO  
YOU HEAR ME?  
QUICK!

OKAY, MISS O'MOORE! NO  
NOISE! GO AHEAD OF ME  
AND WALK FOR  
THE DOOR!

OH!

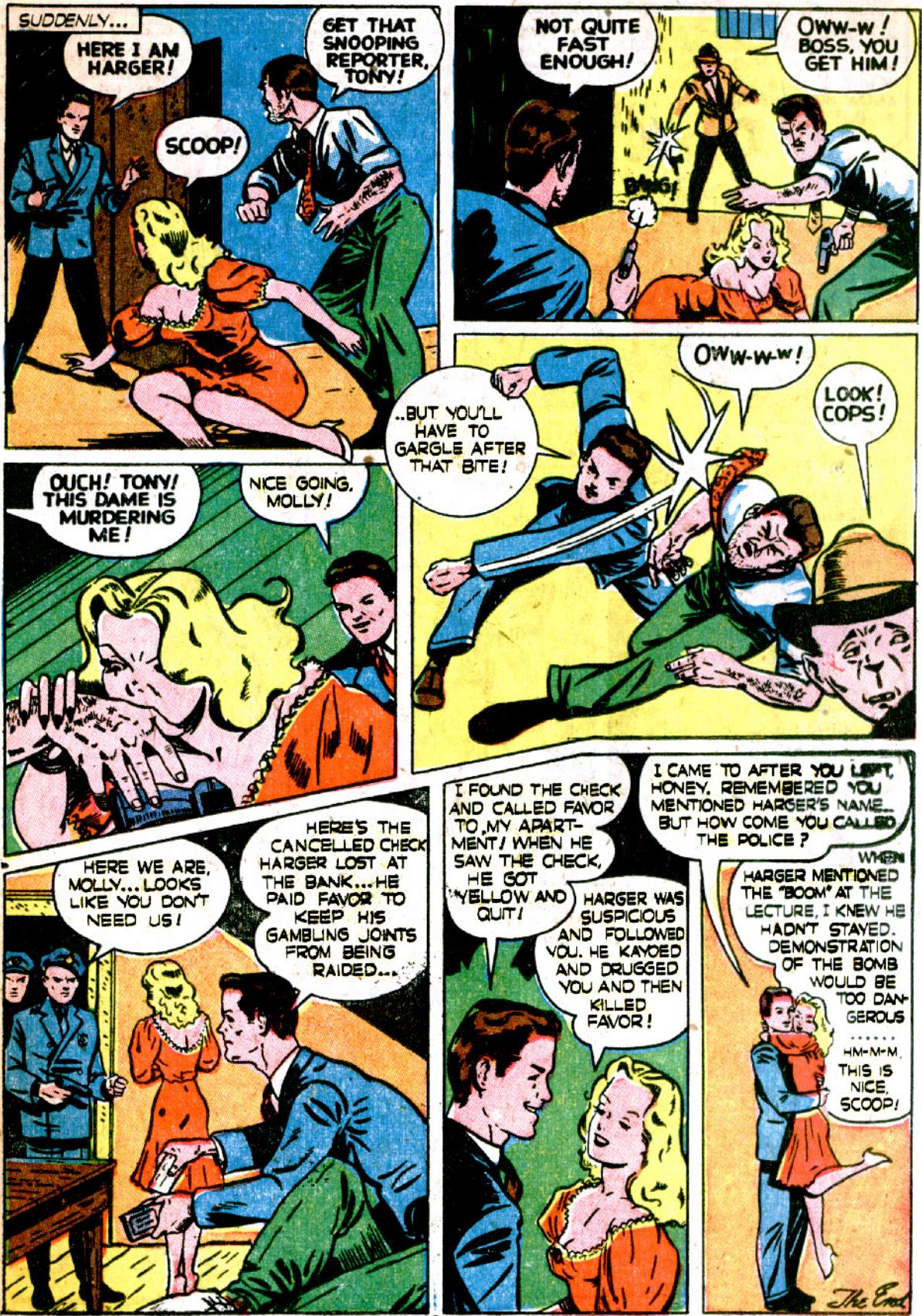
I GOT HER, HARGER.  
AT A PHONE  
BOOTH!

ALL RIGHT SWEET-  
HEART! GIVE! WHERE'S  
SCANLON? THE COPS  
HAVEN'T GOT HIM!

I DON'T KNOW  
ANYTHING! I WAS  
CALLING FOR A  
CAB... OH!

YOU CAME IN  
YOUR OWN CAR!  
I'LL MAKE  
YOU TALK!





# KILLER'S SWAP

Ike Varne calmly flicked the ashes from his cigarette as Officer Ed Blake walked up to him.

"Come on, Ike," the cop said.

Varne shrugged. "You got me, Blake."

Blake snapped the cuffs on Varne and took him to headquarters. Varne was booked for robbing the North End Jewelry Company. Slight, immaculate, the dapper crook looked as if he might be a stock broker dressed for his club. He smiled wryly.

"You'd better make a statement for the record," Blake told him. "It may go easier for you."

Varne nodded. "It was a routine job and I got careless. For a guy who's served time, you know, it's easy to make a mistake. You birds find the prints—" Varne raised his hands.

Blake said, "We'll have to take your prints all over again, Ike—just for the record."

"Okay," Varne replied.

Blake pressed Varne's digits hard on the wet ink-pad and then placed them on the classification card that lay on the desk. A sour look spread over Varne's face.

"I can never get used to this ink," he said. "How do you cops stand messing with such dirt?"

"It washes off," Blake told him.

The fingerprinting was finished. Varne stepped back, took a pen knife from his pocket and began to clean his nails, dropping the scrapings into a waste basket filled with crumpled paper scraps.

Blake lifted the waste basket from the floor, handed it to Hennessy, a cop standing nearby. "Empty the basket, will you?" Blake asked. Then turning, he spoke to Varne. "I've got to lock you up, Ike."

Blake entered the cell with Varne and sat down beside him on the cot.

"Is there any more you want to say, Ike?" he asked.

"You guys make me sick," Varne snarled. "You got me locked up. I confessed the robbery. What more do you want?"

"Just wondering," said Blake, "if you'd seen Joe Bloom recently. You know he used to give

you a lot of competition. Remember? Sometimes he beat you to a good job."

Varne stared at Blake, asked, "What's the idea?"

"Thought you might like to know he's dead. Murdered." He waited a moment, then added, "He was dumped into the river, but the tide's strong there and the rope slipped off the rock."

Varne, without warning, made a lunge at Blake, but Blake sprang away. It was then Blake realized Varne had slipped Blake's service gun from its holster. Out of the corner of his eye Blake saw Hennessy approaching down the corridor.

Varne saw Hennessy, too, and fired. Hennessy went down. Varne swung on Blake. Blake tried to dodge, but Varne's gun blazed. A bullet seared Blake's side.

Ed Blake dove forward, caught the gun with an upward sweep of his arm. Varne snorted with rage, raised his knee into Blake's mid-section. Blake drew his breath a moment, then sent a right crashing to the crook's jaw. The little crook dropped limply to the cell floor.

Hennessy was not seriously wounded. He nodded to Blake. "Your hunch was okey," he said. "It was Varne, all right." Varne was coming to. He rose to his feet, fighting mad.

"You and your fingerprinting, Blake! What can you prove about me? Can you prove I killed Joe Bloom, huh? You just drove me nuts with questions! That's why I pulled the gun! You drove me nuts! It's duress!"

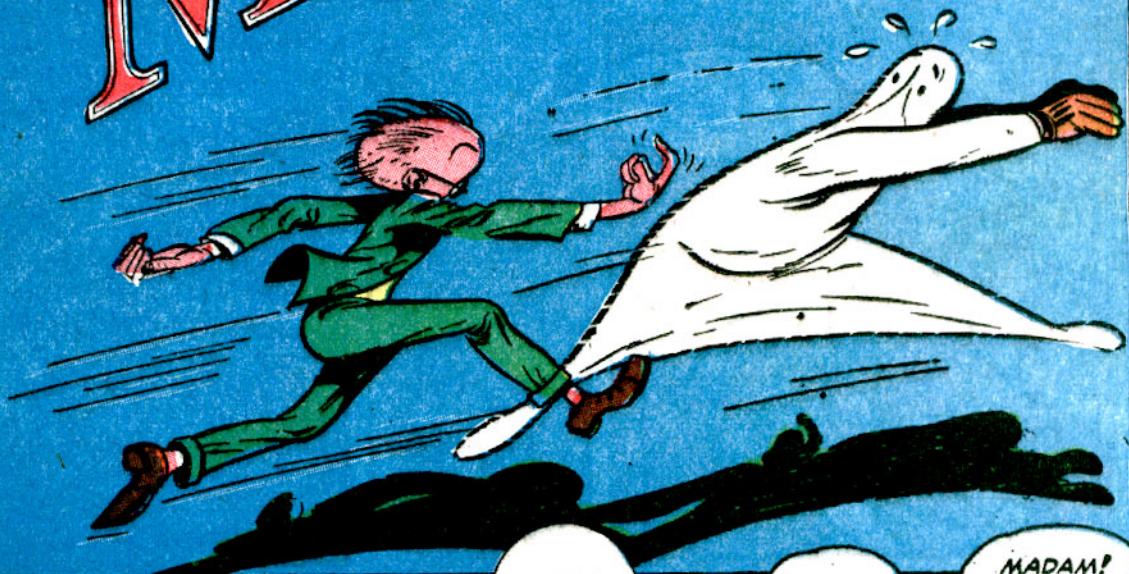
Blake grinned. "Fingerprints, Ike? Who cares about them. We wanted the scrapings off your nails. You see, under a microscope they show some of Bloom's skin—scraped from his face when you killed him!"

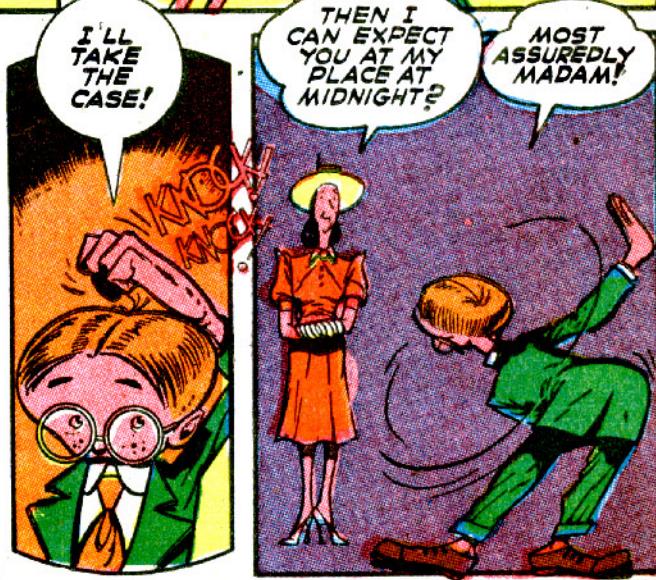
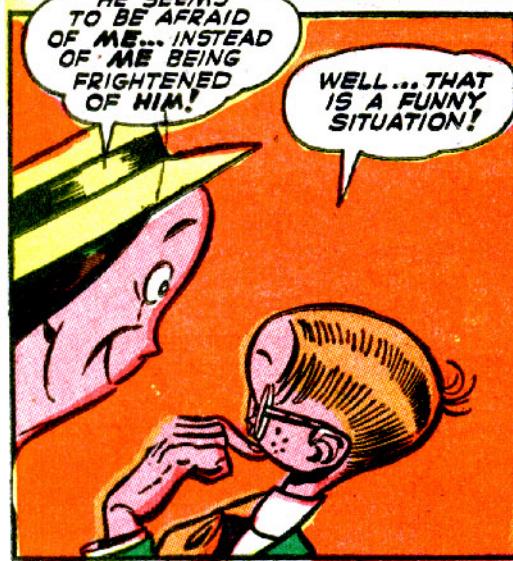
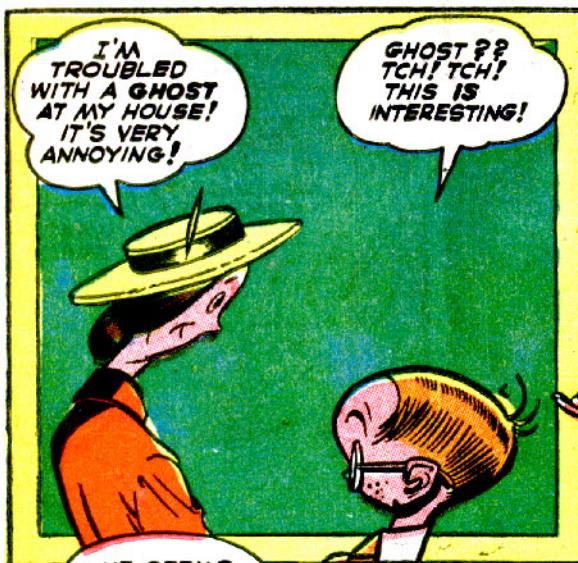
Varne gasped.

"If Bloom's body had stayed under water long enough," Blake went on, "the time element would have saved your neck. With you in jail for robbery nobody could put a finger on you definitely. But—" Blake closed the cell door as he stepped out into the corridor. "By such tricks of fate are murderers saved from long prison terms in favor of short terms in the electric chair."

THE LITTLE FELLOW WITH THE SUPER-DUPER BRAINS... ENOUGH INTELLIGENCE TO FILL THE HEADS OF TEN MEN.... HE'S SO SMART HE SOMETIMES OUTSMARTS HIMSELF... WHEN HE KNOCKS HIS HEAD WITH HIS KNUCKLES, BE CAREFUL... IT'S A BRAIN STORM COMING.... THAT, MY DEAR READER, IS.....

# mastermind M'GINTY

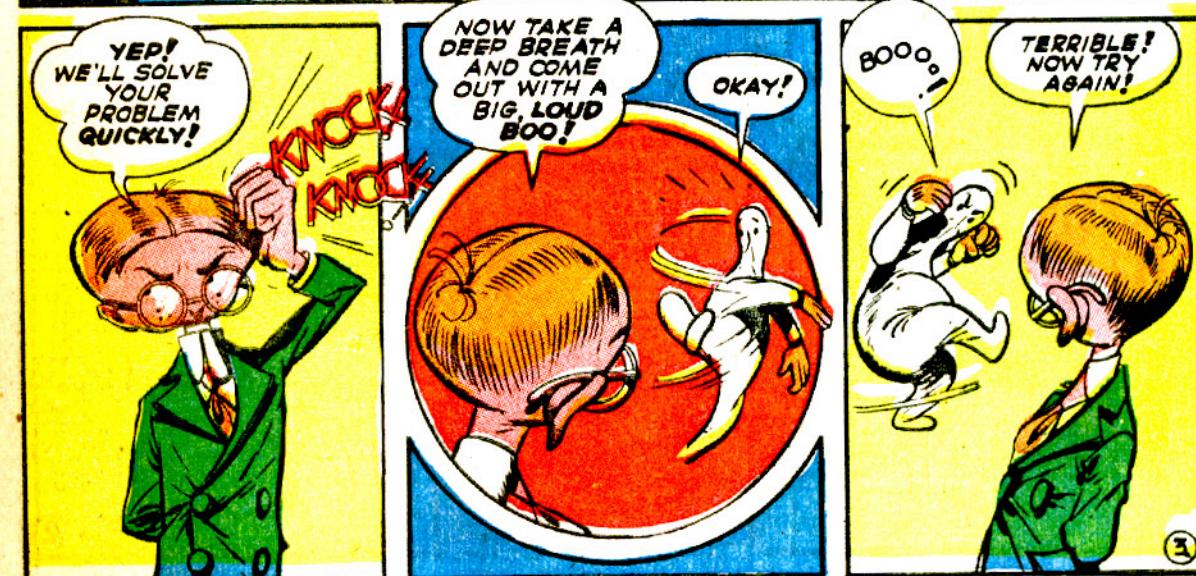
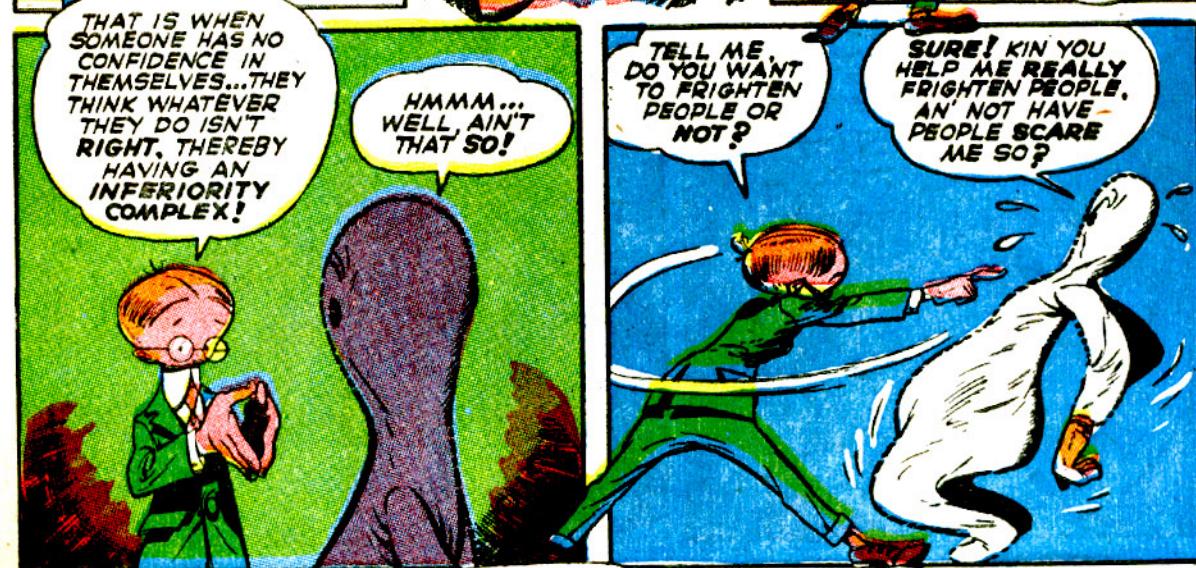
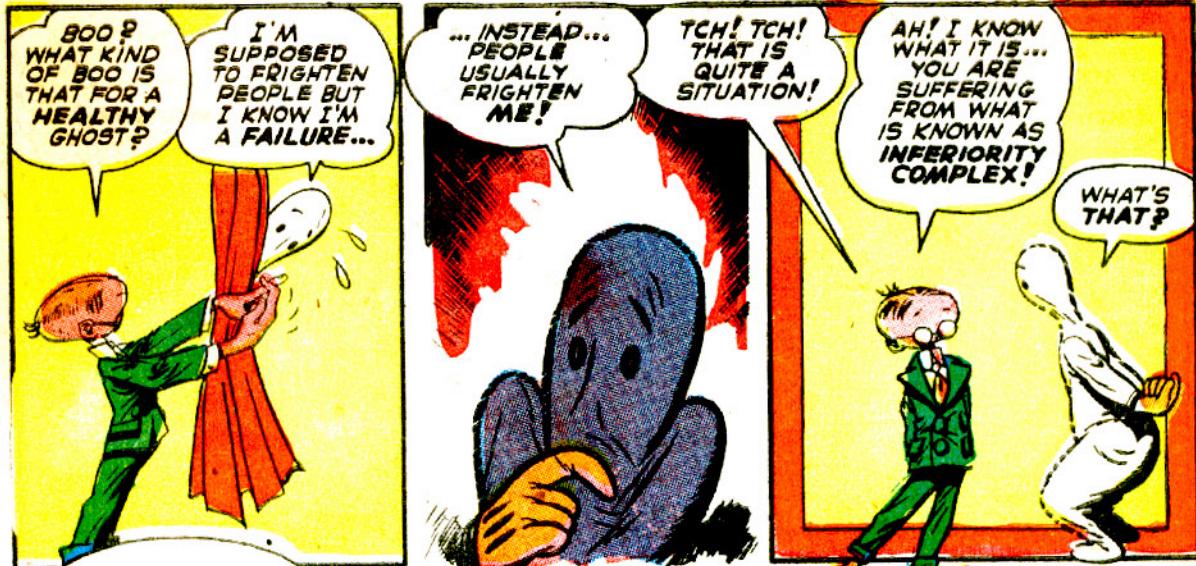


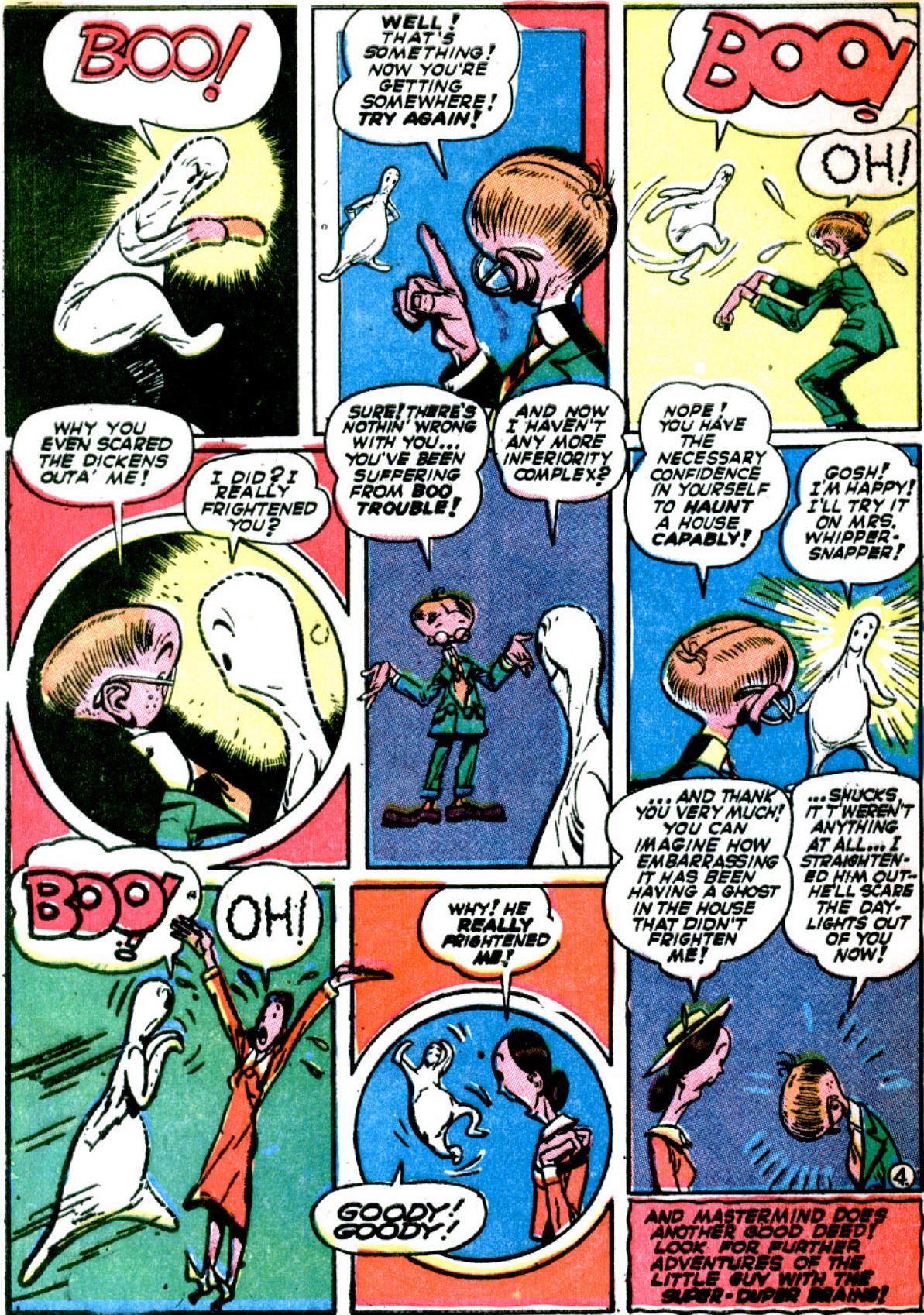


**M**-  
**I**-  
**N**-  
**D**-  
**N**-  
**I**-  
**G**-  
**H**-  
**T**

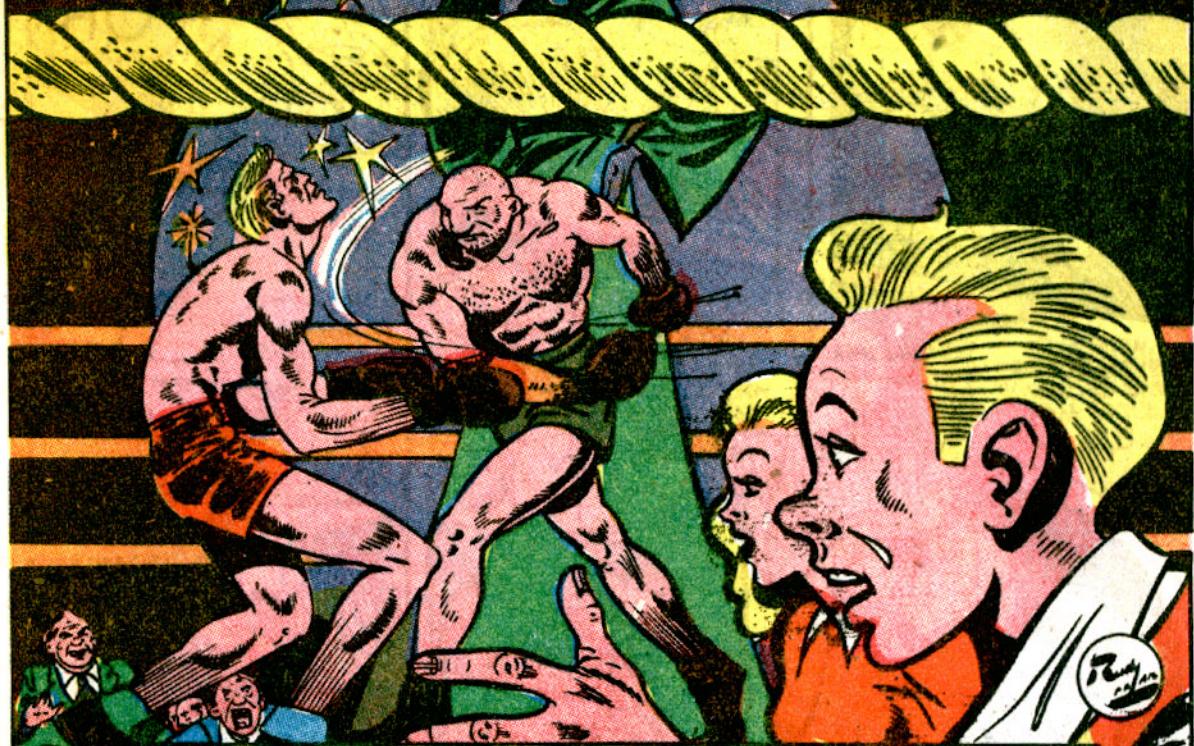
STATIONING HIMSELF IN THE HOUSE, MASTER-MIND WAITS FOR THE APPEARANCE OF THE GHOST....







# LITTLE LEADERS



**D**EATH IS BOTH REFEREE AND JUDGE IN THE STATE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP BOUT AND BOTH MICKEY AND HIS PAL KATIE THE LITTLE LEADERS, ARE CAUGHT IN THE BONY FINGERS OF FATE!

**M**ICKEY AND KATIE ATTEND THE BOUT BETWEEN STATE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP, BATTLING BREEN, CENTER CITY HIGH GRADUATE, AND ROCKY SHOAL, CONTENDER FOR THE CROWN....

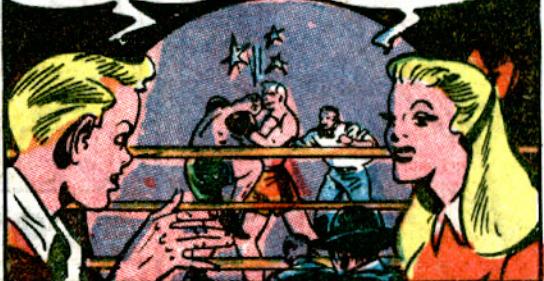
AND HERE, ROCKY SHOAL, CONTENDER FOR THE TITLE ----

ROCKY SHOAL LOOKS PLENTY TOUGH, KATIE, BUT BATTLING BREEN IS TOUGH, TOO!

**C**AS THE FIGHT GETS UNDER WAY, IT IS EVIDENT ROCKY SHOAL IS SOMETHING MORE THAN TOUGH....

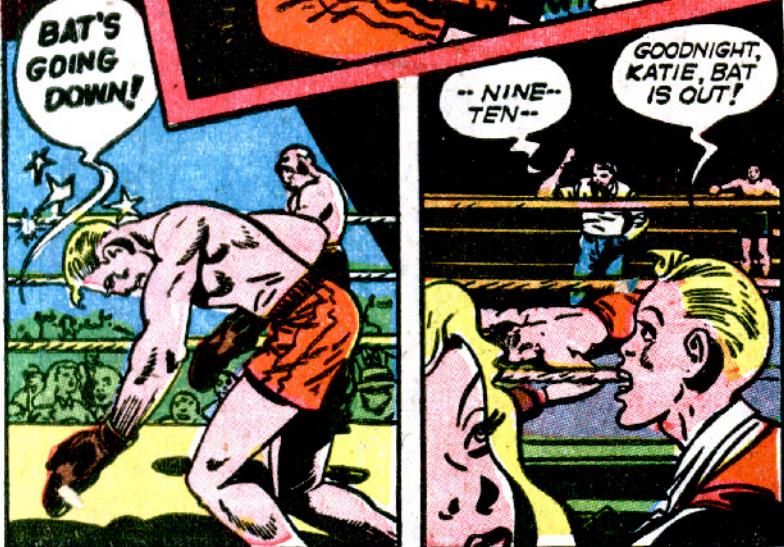
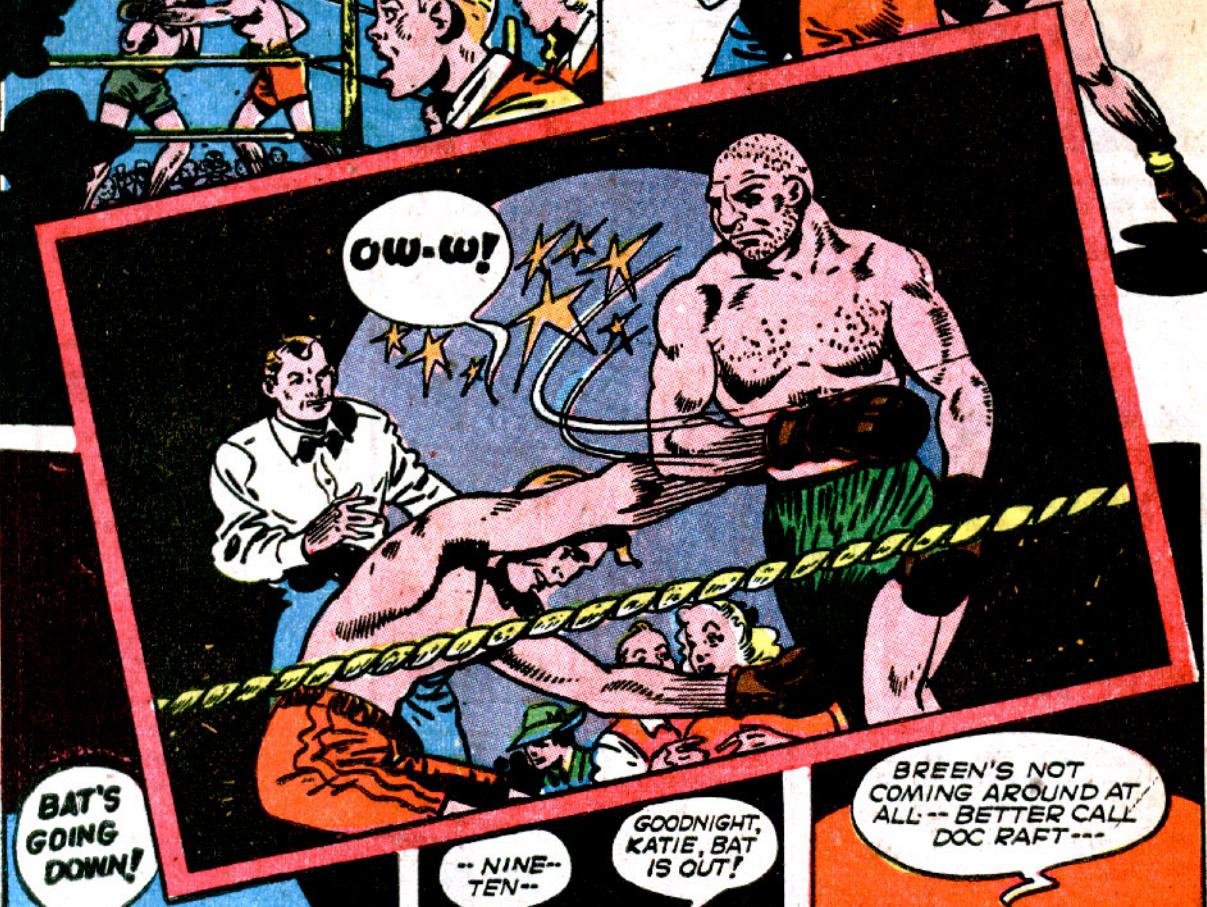
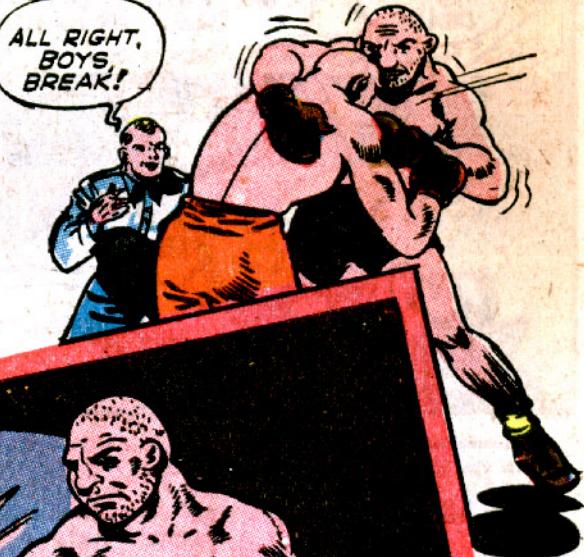
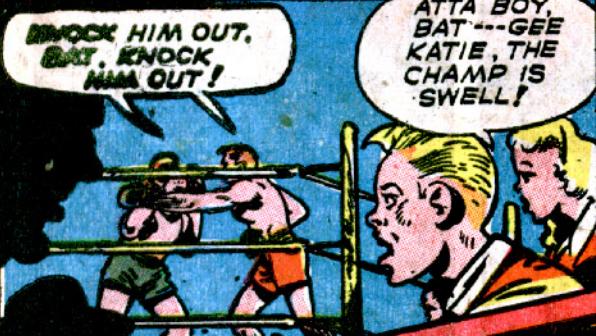
ROCKY SHOAL'S A DIRTY FIGHTER, KATIE! LOOK AT HIM!

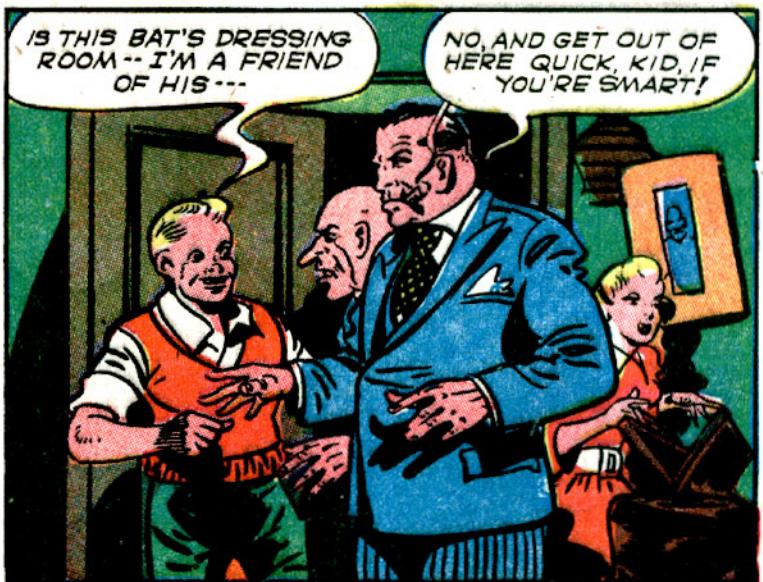
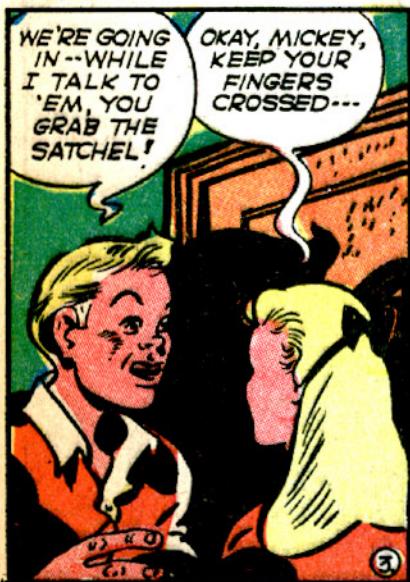
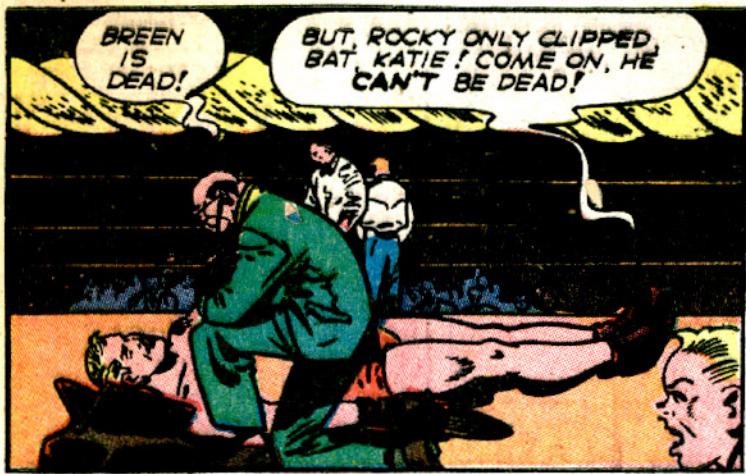
THE REFEREE IS GOING TO WARN HIM, MICKEY---

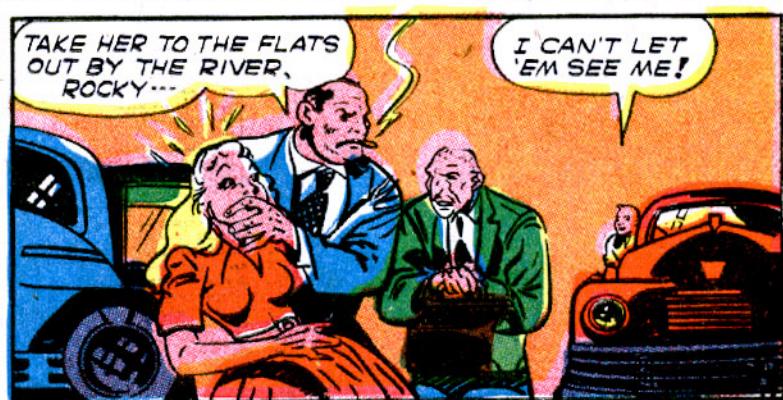
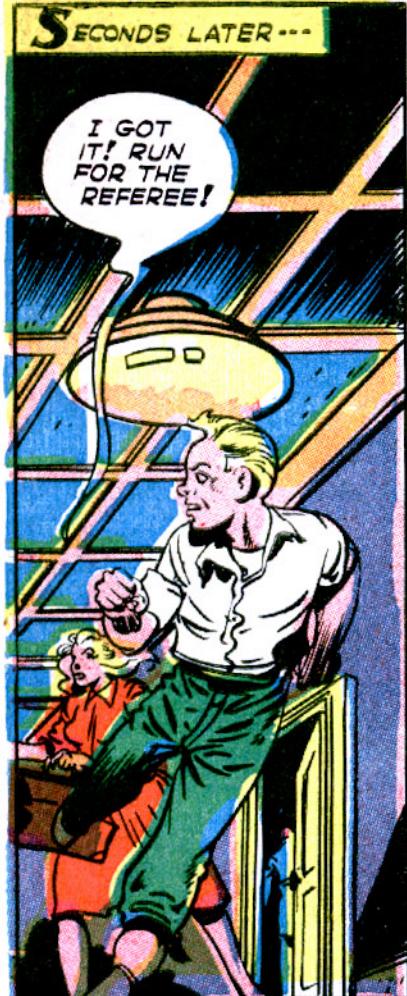


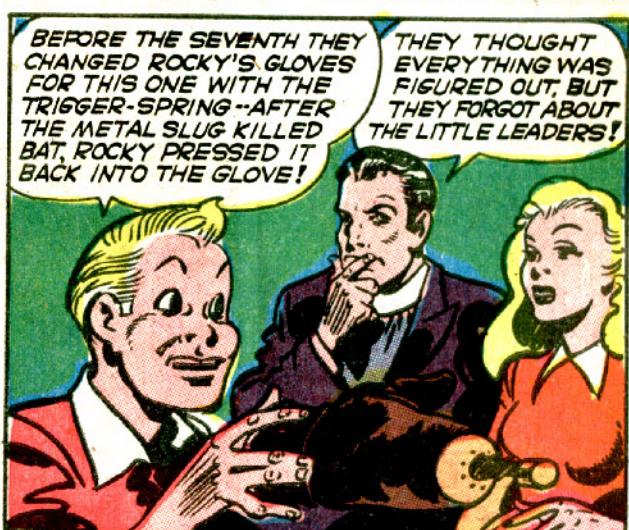
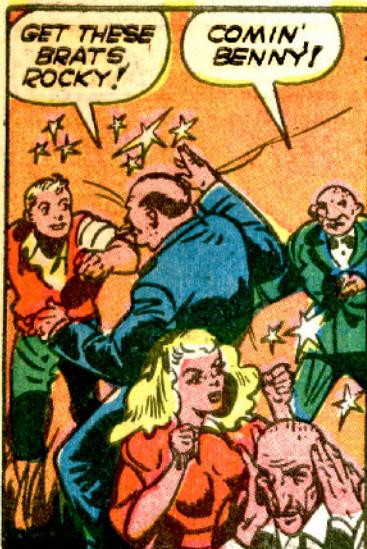
**I**N SPITE OF ROCKY SHOAL'S DIRTY FIGHTING,  
BATTLING BREEN BEGINS TO SHOW HIS  
CHAMPIONSHIP QUALITIES AS A FIGHTER....

-- BY THE SEVENTH ROUND --









STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS  
OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of CATMAN COMICS, published quarterly at St. Louis, Missouri, for October 1, 1945. State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid personally appeared Irving Solomon, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Catman Comics, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 4, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing director, and business managers are: Publisher, Continental Magazines, Inc., 220 West 42nd Street, New York City; Editor, Ray Willner, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City; Managing Editor, F. Z. Temerson, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City; Business Manager, Irving Solomon, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City. That the owner is F. Z. Temerson, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City; Esther Temerson, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City. That the paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Signed: Irving Solomon, business manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 11th day of October, 1945. Anna Higgins, Notary Public. My commission expires March 30, 1946.

# THE Reckoner and chipper



MICHAEL SHAWN DRIVES HIS TAXI OVER A LONELY SUBURBAN ROAD, WHEN---

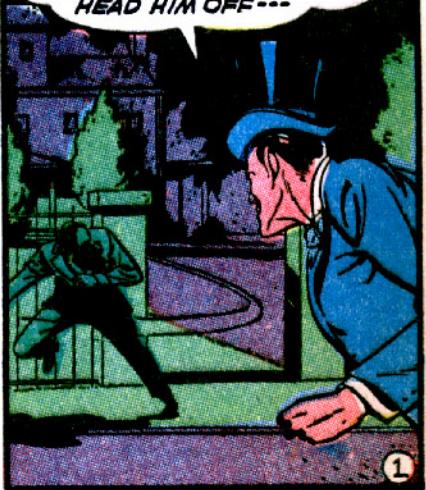
MIKE, THAT WAS A GUN THAT FIRED! I'LL PARK OUT OF SIGHT IN THAT VACANT LOT! WE WILL INVESTIGATE AS-

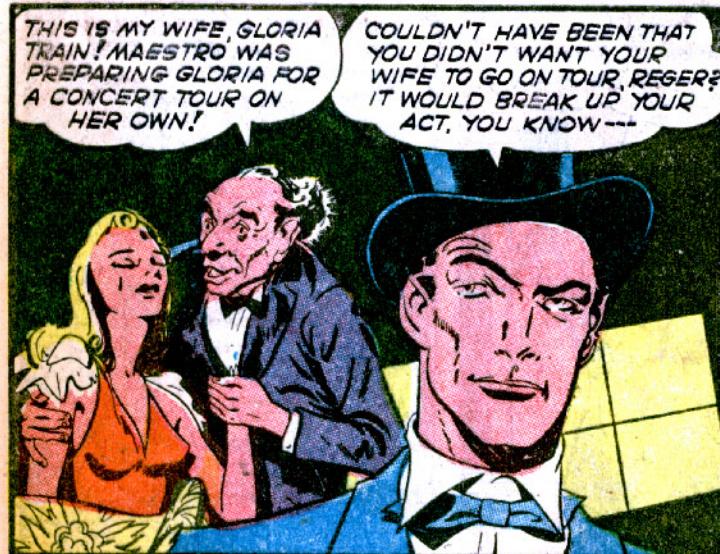
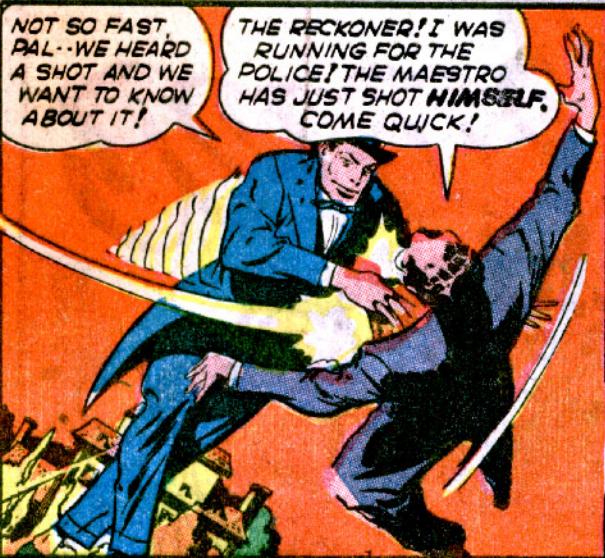


THE RECKONER! ...AND CHIPPER!



SOMEONE'S RUNNING AWAY FROM THE HOUSE - LET'S HEAD HIM OFF---





--THA-AT'S FOR ME-- NO! NO!  
MAESTRO, DON'T FIRE THAT  
GUN! **BANG!** GOOD GRIEF,  
MAESTRO'S SHOT HIMSELF! I  
MUST-- GET THE POLICE!

WHAT DO YOU  
SAY NOW,  
RECKONER?

BUT THAT'S ONLY  
ONE SHOT! I  
HEARD TWO! I  
THOUGHT IT WAS  
PART OF MILT'S  
ACT!

NO, THERE WAS  
ONLY ONE SHOT!  
I SWEAR IT!

ONLY ONE SHOT  
FIRED! ONLY ONE  
EMPTY SHELL! I  
THINK YOU'RE ON  
THE LEVEL, REGER-

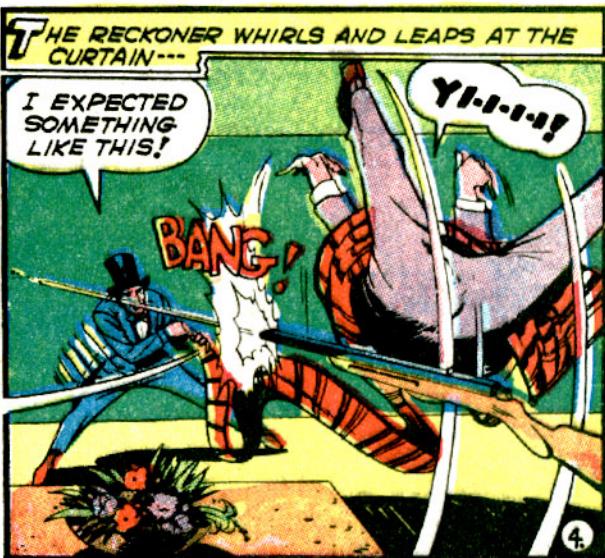
YOUR WIFE'S THINKING SHE HEARD TWO  
SHOTS IS DUE TO THE SHOCK, REGER--GET  
HER TO BED--CHIPPER AND I WILL CALL  
THE POLICE!

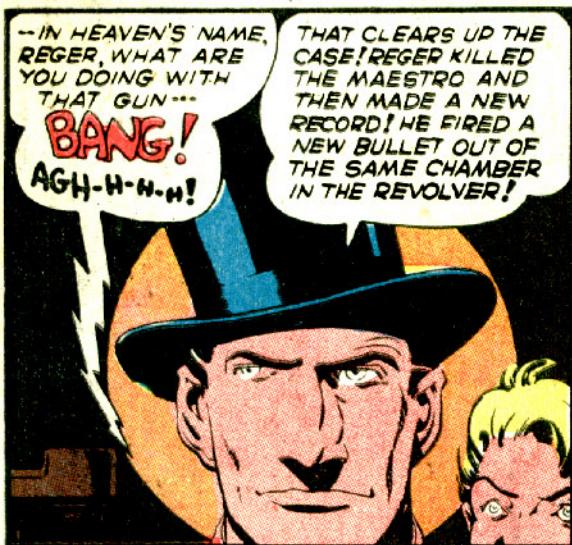
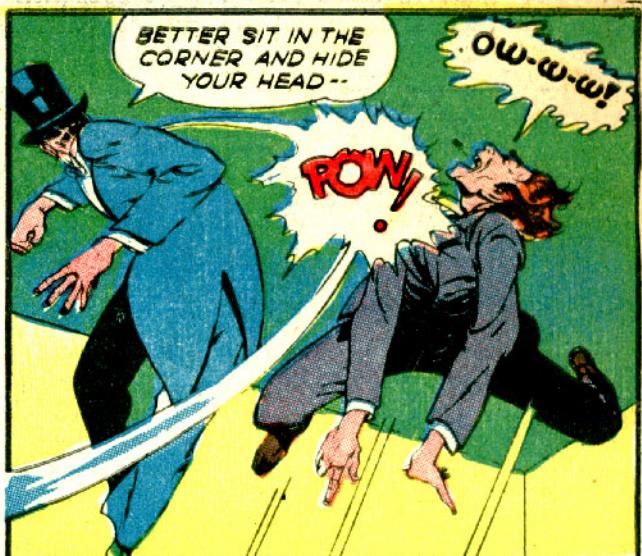
YOU WAIT HERE, CHIPPER!  
DON'T LET ANYONE TOUCH  
THE BODY-- I'LL BE BACK  
SOON!

OH-OH! MILT REGER  
RAN OUT OF THE  
HOUSE LOOKING FOR  
THE POLICE WHEN HE  
COULD HAVE PHONED  
FROM HERE!

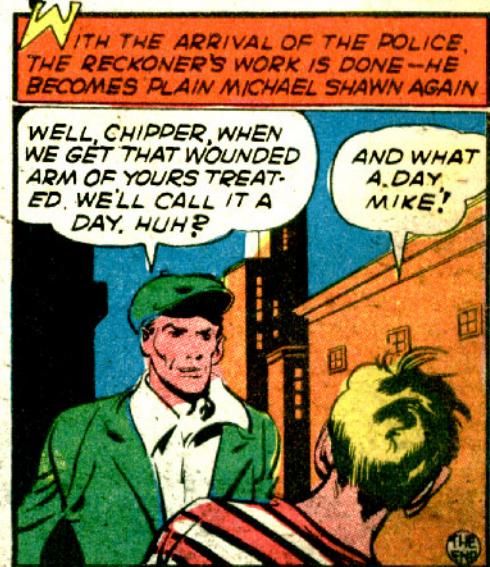
5 MINUTES LATER....

LET'S SEE NOW!  
I'LL HAVE TO  
LOOK VERY  
CAREFULLY---



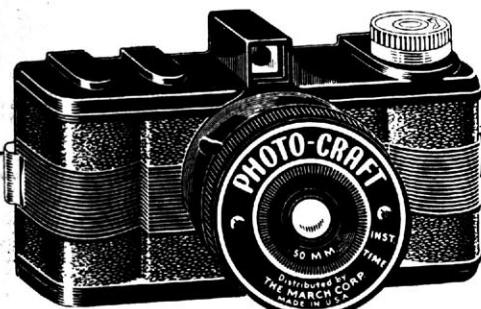


THAT CLEARS UP THE  
CASE! RERGER KILLED  
THE MAESTRO AND  
THEN MADE A NEW  
RECORD! HE FIRED A  
NEW BULLET OUT OF  
THE SAME CHAMBER  
IN THE REVOLVER!



THE END

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- Send my Photocraft C.O.D. without name on Carrying Case. I will pay postman \$3.98 plus postage.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

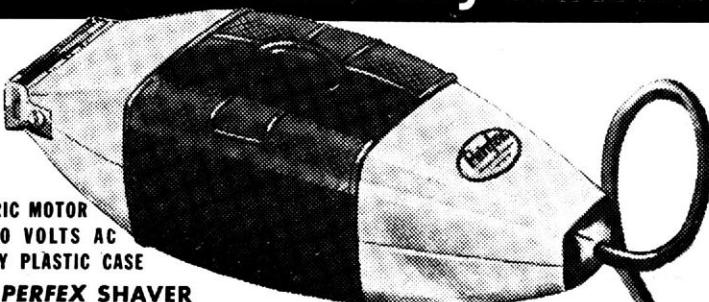
Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

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